

SATURDAY NIGHT

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The making of the prints for the Presentation Album of the Royal Visit to be given to Their Majesties has been completed, and the prize-winners will be announced next week. The entire set of prints will be on exhibition in Toronto for a short time before being bound and forwarded to Their Majesties.

THE FRONT PAGE

THE developments of last week-end in the Baltic states have given the world the full measure of the cynical perfidy of Herr Hitler's pact with Moscow. It is now clear that the pact includes, and was always intended to include, the handing over of the Baltic countries, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia and Finland, not merely to Russian overlordship, but to the full operation of the communist system, subject only to the reservation that Baltic nationals of German racial origin have the option of being "repatriated" to the "fatherland"—where they will have to join the German army or whatever other organization is more suitable to their age, sex and physical condition. Communism thus receives from the author of the Anti-Comintern pact the greatest extension of its boundaries that has come to it since its original conquest of Russia, and receives it at a moment when the non-communist nations are unable to do anything to prevent it, and in an area where it will be difficult if not impossible for them to reverse the decision after the defeat of Germany. The most ardent devotee of Marx in Russia could not have done half so much for the cause of Stalinism in five years as the self-appointed savior of capitalism has done in five weeks.

This is not, of course, the first time that Germany, solely in order to achieve its objective of world domination against the opposition of the Western powers, has "sold the pass" to Communism. The first time was in the closing months of the Great War, when the Germans deliberately fomented the communist revolution in Russia in order to set up a government with which they could negotiate the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. Without that action it is entirely possible that Communism would never have become a working political system in Russia or anywhere else. With Germany's present assistance it is well on its way to becoming the predominant political system over a large part of the area of what was once European civilization.

German Suicide Threat

THE only real argument for an early peace that Hitler can offer is one which he cannot possibly talk about, but which must certainly be foremost in the mind of every statesman in Europe. In effect Hitler is saying to the democracies, "Give me peace on the terms I want, or I will turn half of Europe over to Bolshevism." Nazi Germany is somewhat in the position of the man who climbs out the fiftieth-storey window of a New York skyscraper and threatens to jump if he is not given what he wishes; it is prepared to commit suicide and take half of Europe with it if it is balked in its plans for world domination.

The alternative thus placed before the democratic powers is admittedly a painful one, but there is one mitigating circumstance. It is unlikely that Germany will really jump out of the window. The officer class in the German army is almost entirely made up of the old families and landed gentry, and can hardly look with equanimity on the prospect of having Bolshevism brought to the very doors of Prussia and Austria. If, however, it can reconcile itself to that issue, or is powerless to prevent it, we can see no reason why Germany should not be permitted to go on and commit suicide, even if the result be an enormous increase in the power and prestige of Russia. The German economic-political system is not so vastly preferable to the Russian that the world can afford to give Germany all she demands merely in order to keep Russia from expanding.

Parliament Is Needed

THE keeping of Parliament in session is no doubt a somewhat less easy matter in a country like Canada than it is in Great Britain, where only a few exceptionally remote constituencies are more than twenty-four hours away from the capital. Nevertheless, we believe that the improvement in the contact between the government and the people

of Canada, which would result from keeping Parliament fairly continuously in session, would far more than outweigh the expense and trouble involved in that procedure. The sensitiveness of a government to public opinion, and even the ability of public opinion to make itself heard, are seriously impaired in time of war, when free discussion is hampered by the universal desire not to worry the Government unnecessarily and not to appear unsympathetic to its aims. We do not suggest that even the sessions of Parliament could in time of war be made the occasion for any really outspoken criticism of the Government's methods or policies; but we do think that the mere presence at Ottawa of a group of Opposition politicians, able to find out a good deal of what is going on and not hampered by party loyalty in expressing their opinions concerning it in conversation with Ministers if not on the floor of the House of Commons, would constitute a very useful incentive to efficiency.

It is possible that the debates in the House might not be the most important feature of such a wartime session, although they would at least afford the Government an opportunity of laying before the country at short periodic intervals an authoritative statement of what has been done, is being done, and is proposed to be done. But even so, these debates would serve to give the country a feeling of confidence that the proceedings of the Government were being duly scrutinized by people who had the facilities for scrutinizing them and who were free to criticize them when they appeared to deserve criticism. We are by no means sure that that confidence can be maintained in war time over the long periods which customarily elapse between the adjournment of one session and the beginning of another. We should therefore like to see Parliament adjourn for much shorter intervals. If Parliament had continued to sit, even if only for a day or two in each week, from the conclusion of the passage of the various war measures up to the present time, we incline to think that either the existing situation in regard to the footwear of the fighting forces would not have been allowed to develop, or that adequate reasons why it could not be avoided would have had to be put before the House; and in either event, the public would have been relieved of a great deal of bewilderment and dissatisfaction.

At a time when the ordinary citizen cannot possibly be put in possession of the information necessary to enable him to form an opinion as to the efficiency and propriety of the measures taken by Government, it is more than ever important that he

should feel assured that a small number of elected representatives of the people, able to have access to the knowledge which he himself cannot obtain, are watching the Government, not with a view to turning it out of office, but with a view to seeing that it does the best job that it can be stimulated into doing. In this war, the ordinary citizen is going to have to put up with a degree of "black-out" concerning most of the matters of war-time administration which would have seemed unbelievable to him in any previous period whether of peace or of war. In this situation, the Members of Parliament must act as the "seeing-eye" dogs of the temporarily blind citizens, who will be perfectly willing to follow them if only they are assured that they, the guides, can really see. We do not think that the ordinary citizens can be expected to have that same degree of confidence in a Government consisting of men who are all of one political faith and whose political destiny is common to them all, as it would have in a Parliament representing all shades of opinion and containing a substantial number of members in no way associated with the Government. A Parliament that is not sitting is not functioning as a Parliament in the sense that we suggest.

Contempt of the Courts

THE people of Ontario should be grateful to the *Fortnightly Law Journal*, an important organ of the legal profession in Canada, for drawing their attention to the language which was put into the mouth of the Crown at the opening of the recent session of the Ontario Legislature by the Ministers who are at present directing the affairs of this Province. In the speech from the Throne the Crown was made to declare that the Courts of the Province have "impaired" the enforcement of legislation relating to succession duties. "Such a phrase," says the *Journal*, "is just as flagrant a contempt of the Courts as calling the Legislature moronic was contempt of the Legislature, and putting the words into the mouth of the Crown in no way mitigates the contempt."

Have the people of Ontario lost all sense of the vital importance of maintaining the independence and prestige of the Courts? Have they come so near to acceptance of the Hitlerian doctrine that "the government should be above the law"? Have they forgotten Magna Charta? Have they given up the fundamental principle of democracy, that no one, not the Crown, not the King himself, not the Prime Minister,

↑ THE PICTURES ↓

CANADA'S FINEST AIR BASE, the Air Station at Trenton, Ont., was recently honored by an inspection by His Excellency the Governor-General. Flying from Ottawa Lord Tweedsmuir was accompanied by Air Vice Marshal Croil, Senior Air Officer, and was welcomed by Group Captain C. M. McEwen, Commanding Officer of the Station. The thoroughness of the Vice-Regal inspection is shown, LEFT, as His Excellency climbs on the wing of a Fairey Battle bomber to chat with Pilot Officer J. B. Reynolds of Calgary. RIGHT, Lord Tweedsmuir, accompanied by senior officers inspects the smart Guard of Honor provided by the station personnel.

—Photos by "Jay".

not the Duce or the Fuehrer, shall be above the law? Laws are made by the King, by and with the advice of the chosen representatives of the people. But neither the King himself, nor the King by and with the advice of the representatives of the people, has the right to interpret and apply them. That right belongs to the Courts alone, and when that power is taken away from the Courts both liberty and democracy are taken away from the people.

The Speech from the Throne must have been accepted by all the members of the Ontario Cabinet before it was put into the hands of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor for delivery in the name of that great and beloved personage who only a few months ago stood in person on the floor of the Ontario Legislative Chamber. We are not greatly surprised that the language we have quoted was regarded as correct and proper by Mr. Hepburn, by Mr. Heenan, by Mr. Nixon, by Mr. Campbell. But we are both surprised and disturbed that it should have been accepted as correct and proper by Mr. Conant, one of His Majesty's Counsel learned in the law, and His Majesty's Attorney General and legal adviser for the Province of Ontario. We are both surprised and disturbed that it should have been accepted as correct and proper by Mr. McQuesten, Mr. Kirby, Mr. Leduc and Mr. Cross, all of them also among His Majesty's Counsel learned in the law, and all of them quite likely to be summoned by His Majesty to sit in his Courts and administer his justice.

But we are still more surprised and disturbed that practically nobody in the Province of Ontario, except the *Fortnightly Law Journal*, has raised any rumpus about this language. If this silence continues, we may confidently expect to see the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario made to say, at some future session, in the name of His Majesty, that His Majesty's Courts have been "accomplices" in the "frauds" which Mr. Hepburn is fond of saying were committed by the heirs of the Nesbitts, the Booths, the Scholfields, the Eatons, the Heintzmans, the Hendries, the Seagrams, the Hobbess, and other hitherto respected families of this Province.

Commanding the Force

THE universal chorus of approval that has greeted the appointment of Major-General A. G. L. McNaughton to command the force which Canada is to send to the scene of conflict is no mere matter of wishing to think the best about the man who has been picked for a big job. It is the reflection of a practically universal conviction that the man who has been picked is the best available and is fully equal to the requirements. General McNaughton is well known to be a great scientist and a great scientific soldier, and the farthest thing in the world from a great militarist. This is a scientific war, and he will fight it scientifically, much as the Research Council under his direction has fought wheat rust and other enemies of the economic life of this Dominion. He will fight it with the minimum of fuss and feathers and the maximum of organized efficiency. Incidentally it would have been hard to find a more Canadian Canadian for this Canadian job. He was born in Saskatchewan, and received his entire education in that province and Quebec, except for his military courses in England. Practically his entire life has been spent in the public service, and nobody has ever questioned his complete devotion to the interests of his country.

THE PASSING SHOW

BY HAL FRANK

THE possibility that peace will be declared is alarming a lot of people. They remember the last peace.

Latest advices to reach this office indicate that the fiercest fighting so far is taking place in the Province of Quebec.

Question of the Hour: What's neutrality?

One of the reasons why some men are dubious about going overseas is because they are afraid that when they come back they will find that women have their places in the ranks of the unemployed.

HITLER LEAVES DOOR OPEN. — News dispatch.

CHAMBERLAIN LEAVES DOOR OPEN. — News Dispatch.

It all leaves us cold.

The war of nerves, remarks Timus, seems to be succeeded by the war of inertia.

There has been no news of the League of Nations in recent weeks but we understand it is striving with might and main to preserve its neutrality.

Two types of people who seem to have something in common are family cooks who can whip up something out of nothing and radio war commentators.

And then there is the story of the German trooper who picked up a French propaganda leaflet in no-man's land on the western front. He was court-martialed and shot for reading between the lines.

It's the people on the sidelines who seem to be getting the spoils of this war. Russia got half of Poland and it looks as if Duplessis is going to get Quebec.

The story that the ex-Kaiser is preparing a spare room at Doorn for Hitler has got a new twist. Seems that Wilhelm is having the room padded.

We are beginning to suspect that all these feelers put out by the embattled powers are foolers.

Speaking of the army of the unemployed, what's doing on the Western Front?

Esther says she is already busy doing her bit to win the war. She says she is knitting socks for the diplomats.

Hate-Making in Germany Just Before the War

BY EDITH MACNEILL

A MONTH before the outbreak of war I was in Germany, a Canadian on an exploration tour. I wanted to find out why Germans were content to have their ideas manufactured for them by their leaders, and whether they all believed what they were told. I traveled by first, second, and third class on the trains, and stayed at luxury hotels and humble little pensions. I talked to anybody I met on the way, as well as to German friends and people to whom I had introductions. Many were curious to know why a Canadian woman was wandering about Germany alone, when Britain was receiving such abuse in the press. All seemed anxious to talk to me,—some to try to convert me to the Nazi way, others to excuse it.

I soon began to divide my acquaintances into three groups.

There were the ardent Nazis, who accepted without question the doctrines and the aims of Hitler. Most of them were young, immaculate in dress, and steely-eyed. Ultra-efficient in matters of railroad bookings and hotel registrations, they appeared eager to impress one that they were supermen in all things. None of them showed the slightest evidence of a sense of humor.

My first meeting with Germans of this ilk took place in the Nazi Deutsche Hof in Nuremberg, the hotel Hitler built for his Party Congress three years ago. I had greeted the usual "Heil Hitler" and fancy swing of the arm with a polite "Good afternoon," and I was stared at with rude indignation by the hotel staff and guests in the lobby. An hour later I returned to the desk to enquire where I could buy some stamps. "Madam," I was told by a very young man, "in this hotel the hall porter sells stamps, not the manager." Astonished at this rebuff I smiled at the youth, and said "I did not know you were the manager, I thought you were a clerk." There was no reply, so I proceeded to the desk of the hall porter.

Canadian Corridor

Inquisitive like all Nazis, he noticed that some of my letters were addressed to Canada. He greeted me amiably with "Ah, I have something that will interest you." He then produced from a drawer a German newspaper article containing many little maps. There was a map of Poland with its corridor, various maps of inland countries like Switzerland and Bolivia with mythical corridors to the sea, and a map of North America with a Canadian corridor extending to the Gulf of Mexico.

"Would the United States permit such a thing?" he queried. I pointed out that Canada was not a shut-in country like Poland, and that in our part of the world we did not take things by force, as the article advocated, but settled our problems, like that of the St. Lawrence waterway, by negotiation. Wherever I went in this Nazi stronghold I ran into arrogance and aggressiveness.

In Berlin I met a rabid Nazi woman;—the women are more bitter than the men. She was lecturing me on the foreign policy of Great Britain, of which she seemed to know a great deal, in a strange twisted fashion. "Is Britain so desperate," she asked, "that she must stoop to an alliance with Russia?" This was a common topic of conversation. Hatred of Russia had been nursed by a campaign of distorted facts which portrayed Russia as the arch enemy of mankind. I wonder how she feels now,—wiser and sadder? No, I feel sure that she will be praising Russia, and explaining her former hatred by saying "Now the Fuehrer thinks that it is well to have Russia as an ally. It is better for us all to change our minds about Russia than to have Germany divided on the subject." Such logic, from a country which has given so many logicians to the world!

Decadent Oligarchy

A man who was a member of the Party was most interested, so he said, to meet a Canadian. He revealed the fact that Canada is unfortunate in being dominated by Britain, and suggested that when that decadent oligarchy is overthrown, Germany and Canada could join together for their mutual benefit. I did not disguise my astonished amusement, which offended him deeply. Then I explained the relationship between Canada and Britain, and the unity of the whole Empire. I tried to discover whether he got his information from the propaganda bureau, or

OFFSTAGE

AFTER tense spasms of light-heartedness
On the bright area of make-believe
Comes dull sitting and waiting,
Patient walking up and down,
While the stage look of assured merriment
Fades on meeting the outskirts of the ephemeral,
Among ropes, pulleys and bare walls.

ALAN CREIGHTON.

whether it was an idea of his own. Apparently it is generally believed in parts of the Reich that Canada and the United States (except Roosevelt, whom they hate) are pro-German and anti-British.

What proportion of the German people are these ardent Nazis? I met very few, and I was told in Germany that there are not as many among the adults as there appear to be, even to a tourist. As the Nazi Party rules the nation, many dissenters pretend loyalty through fear.

The great mass of people seemed to belong to the second group. Their whole philosophy of life is "following the leader." They do not like thinking for themselves.

They know that they have made sacrifices to build the new Germany. Whether these sacrifices have been made wisely, for the good of the people, or blindly, for the glorification of the leader, they do not question. When I asked about conditions they referred me to the "Bureau for Foreigners" established in Berlin by the Nazi Party. Here I could procure booklets, free of charge, in any language, telling about all phases of German life.

Books for the English

I went to this bureau to get the booklets, sickening insidious treatises on "Social Welfare in Germany," "Germany and the Jewish Question," "The Motor Highways Built by Adolf Hitler," "Extracts from Speeches Delivered by the Fuehrer," "German

Political Profiles." I assume that those in English are mild counterparts of what is fed to the German people. It is clever propaganda, for use in Germany, where nothing is known about the real state of affairs, but the contradictions in these booklets show that the credulity of English-speaking people has been overestimated.

This second group of Germans, docile and trusting, seemed ashamed of the concentration camps, which they mention in hushed tones, and say deprecatingly that they are really not so bad. They were also ashamed of the treatment of the Jews, which they were reluctant to discuss.

The third group, the anti-Nazis, call themselves "old-fashioned Germans." The most prominent example of this group I met was a retired banker,—forcibly retired. He had opposed Hitler before his rise to power, but because of influential friends in the Party, he was allowed to keep his wealth, though not the source of it. As long as he took no part in anti-Nazi activities, he was not molested. This man had a beautiful home in one of the suburbs of Berlin.

Power of the School

His youngest boy was seven years old. Adoration of the Fuehrer and all that Hitlerism stood for had been instilled into him at school. The family were powerless to combat the Nazi virus. The little boy was taught that Germany was more important than his family, and he was bound by his duty to the state to report any anti-Nazi conversation. "You can see," the father told me, "what hypocrites this outfit is making of us."

My friendship with this family probably saved me from a hurried exit from Germany. I had planned to stay until September, and to go to Poland. The banker told me that his cars had been commandeered for the attacks upon Austria, Sudetenland, and Czechoslovakia. He had just been told that they would be required for August 15. I took the hint.

My most remarkable encounter with an anti-Nazi was in the Rhineland. The river boats which ply up and down the Rhine were the only place I found to relax in all that tense and tangled country.



OLD TIME INSTRUCTORS are still somewhat apoplectic over the startling, and to them heretical, changes in the drill of the modern army. No longer will stentorian cries of "Donlookdown, Donlookdown" echo over the square for the new "book" definitely lays down that troops will look down when returning the bayonet to the scabbard. Here is a demonstration of the new drill movement by the Guards. The changes make for simplification and the easier training of recruits.

I was reading my guide books and my German-English conversation book in the lounge, when a gentleman sitting near me asked me how I was enjoying my trip. We began to talk about the places I had seen, and after a while he said, "And do you like

the German people?" I replied that I had liked most of those I had met, very much. "Well, I hate them," he replied. "These Germans who are running the country now are thieves and murderers. They are turning the nation into hypocrites and liars." While I was recovering from the shock of this public outburst, I looked around to see who was within earshot. Sitting a few yards away was a gaunt man, with a sensitive face, deep sunken eyes, artistic hands calloused and gnarled, and clothes which had once been good, but were incredibly shabby. I felt that he had been listening to us, but I could tell that he was no Nazi.

Living Under Terror

Eventually the conversation got back to conditions in Germany, and the indiscreet older man told me his story. He had come from Austria to Germany after the last war, had worked hard, made a good living, and retired. Since the Nazis came to power he had been forced to work again, and after twelve hours in an office he had to work for three hours in his garden in order to grow vegetables to feed his family. I asked him how he dared to talk so freely to a stranger. He shrugged. He seemed to know what was going on in foreign countries. He said he never read the German newspapers, as they were all lies, and he lamented the lot of his fellow countrymen in Austria.

After lunch I was walking on the deck, and the gaunt shabby man joined me. He had lived in England, and seemed to be the best class of German. He had nothing in common with the Nazis, although he told me that some of his former friends had joined the Party because they felt it a discreet thing to do. As we inspected the banks of the Rhine, with the ruined castles and the vineyards, he said "You know, the old boy is right. I hope that you are not being fooled by what you see in Germany." I replied that I did not think I was being fooled, and he told me the same miserable story which we hear and read so often. The story of the fear and strain under which decent Germans live, so that it is easier and more comfortable to become a Hitlerite and hope that the trust is not misplaced, than to try to think for yourself, and end up in a concentration camp, or dead.

Victims Are Broken

I asked many questions, and finally he said "If you are really interested in Germany and its problems, you can learn a lot, and do a favor to many people if you will take messages to a friend of mine in Paris." I jotted down the messages in my own illegible shorthand,—brief records of deaths, escapes, and releases, of mutual friends in concentration camps. My new friend assured me that they would mean much to the recipient, a hounded exile. When I got back to Paris I saw this exile. He was grateful for the messages, and told me that the man on the boat had been in the same concentration camp as himself, but that he had escaped, while the other had been released. Their stories were the same sort of nightmares we have heard so many times. After meeting people like this it is not difficult to understand why the hatred of Hitler is so bitter, and so ineffective. The victims of his wrath are broken men. They are in no position to stage a revolt, even if they could organize one with impunity.

But what do the others think, the ardent Nazis, and the "follow the leader" group? They were told that there would be no war, that Germany would attain her place in the sun without bloodshed, that every conquest meant greater strength, and therefore less chance of war. They were told that Germany was prosperous, that Russia was the arch-enemy, that Britain and France would not fight, and Poland could not, and would capitulate.

In a few short weeks all this is changed. Britain and France are fighting, and the aerial propaganda raid explained why. Poland has resisted, a unique response to Nazi threats and intimidation. The taxes have been raised to an overpowering degree, Russia is the bosom friend, the conquests which were to have brought greater strength have miscarried in some way, if we can believe the stories of revolt in Czechoslovakia and Austria. These events are a tremendous test of the faith of a people in their leader.

A united Germany might maintain this faith, but the Third Reich, never!

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

Afraid of the Government

BY B. K. SANDWELL

I CAN give you a first-class test by which to determine whether a country has a good system of government or a bad one—good or bad, that is, for the purposes by which we Canadians think a government should be judged, the purposes namely of promoting the happiness and freedom of the people that live under it.

The test is this: What sort of people, living under a given government, are afraid of that government? Here in Canada, what sort of people, living under the divided sovereignty of the Dominion and of their Province, are afraid of either of those governments?

Broadly speaking, and with a very few exceptions, I think we may answer that the only people who have any justifiable reason to be afraid of either government are the people who have offended against one or another of the generally reasonable laws established for the preservation of peace and justice as between individuals, or as between the individual and the community. Broadly speaking, I have said, and with a few exceptions.

In the province of Ontario, for example, I am not at all sure that people who have received legacies, or donations *inter vivos* from persons who have since died, are altogether without reason to be afraid of the government of Ontario. That government, and its servants, have taken to themselves power to collect from such individuals enormous sums (enormous, that is, in relation to the possible resources of the individual) at their own sole discretion and without any serious possibility of review by the courts, under the form of taxes upon a very ill-defined area of legacies and gifts, and of penalties upon an equally ill-defined area of "undisclosed" and highly debatable gifts. These powers are so vast and unfettered that these individuals are not without justification for the fear that the government will extort from them far more than justice would allow, and that they will be unable to avail themselves of the protection which the courts should afford to every citizen even against the government itself. To the extent that this fear exists and is justifiable, the people of Ontario are under bad government.

Socialists in Quebec

In the province of Quebec, on the other hand, I am not at all sure that people who hold certain entirely legitimate and permissible views concerning the proper economic structure of the state—people like the members of the political party so oddly called the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, for example,—are altogether without reason to be afraid of the government of Quebec. The government of Quebec desires, but has no constitutional right, to make these views unlawful. Having no power to impose a penalty upon the utterance of the views themselves, it has therefore undertaken to impose certain property restrictions upon the people who hold them, or who are declared to hold them, whether they do or not, by the Attorney General of the province. The Attorney General and his officers have been given such vast discretionary powers, and can only with such great difficulty be subjected to the scrutiny and regulation of the courts in their exercise of them, that I think such persons are not without justification for the fear that the government will deprive them of their means of livelihood, their ability to obtain a habitation, and even their liberty. To the extent that this fear exists and is justifiable, the people of Quebec are under bad government. The badness of the government consists in this case partly in the fact that it makes a crime out of what the proper constitutional authority on crime does not consider to be one, but still more in the fact that it does not define the crime, that it leaves the determination of its nature to a political officer rather than to the courts, and that it does all it can to prevent access to the courts by the persons "accused," if that term can be applied where there is no plea of guilty or not guilty.

But with these minor exceptions—which I regret chiefly because they open the door to other and greater exceptions—it remains true that nobody has occasion to fear the government in Canada except those who are guilty of anti-social behavior. There are plenty of other things to fear in Canada—poverty, ill health without the means to combat it, unemployment, gang violence in labor disputes, race prejudice, religious prejudice, party prejudice, a score of other evils and injustices; but these are not the work of the government, and broadly speaking the government works against them rather than with them. The individual fears these things, but he does not fear the government about them, he rather trusts the government to help him against them.

The Bourgeois Concept

In Germany, and in Russia, what sort of people are afraid of the government? That, I suggest, is a very different story.

The essence of the situation is the same in both countries. It consists in the fact that in neither is there any court with power to stand between the individual and the government, and to prevent the government from doing to the individual anything except what it is authorized and empowered to do by the general law.

The whole concept of a government acting through, and restrained by, a system of laws of general application is entirely foreign to both the Nazi and the Communist mentality. It is a "bourgeois" concept to the Russian, and a "capitalist" concept to the German. The state, in both the Nazi and the Communist theory, is too important, too sacred, to be fettered in any of its actions by a set of laws to which it must submit. There are courts in both countries, but they are required to give their decisions, not in accordance with the written law, most of which was abolished with the respective Nazi and Communist Revolutions, but in accordance with the interest of the state.

Not only so, but in both countries the state is identical in structure with a political organization, private and self-managing without the control of any law superior to itself, known as the "Party." Discipline within the party—and therefore within the organization managing the state—rests in the last resort on force or the threat of force. Both parties from time to time determine who shall be their chiefs by means of "purges" conducted by professional assassins. The moral sense of the common people, which would ordinarily revolt against such violence, is lulled, in both countries, by the explanation that the "purged" men were traitors to the nation and to the true cause of Communism or Nazism; but in actual fact they are merely the people who did not draw their guns first, and if they had drawn their guns first and the other side had been "purged" the same identical explanation would have been offered and accepted.

What sort of people are afraid of the government in such a nation? All those who are unable docilely to accept the orders of the head of the party or his local representatives, no matter what those orders may be. All those whose moral sense revolts at the torture and robbery of Jews. All those who share the religious beliefs of a Pastor Niemöller or a Cardinal Innitzer. All those who feel that the human spirit is debased by living constantly under the orders of some petty local party official whose sole claim to authority is that he has been adequately subservient to those above him. All those who find it difficult to hate Communists or Nazis at the word of command this week, and to love Communists or Nazis at the same word of command next week.

The Nazi and Communist governments may be good governments for certain purposes. The Russian government may even be the best of which the Russian people are capable. But neither of them is a good government for the purpose of developing the best of which the human spirit is capable. Under each of them it is the wrong people who are afraid of the government.

War Diary of Civilian Life in Paris

What sort of life is lived by civilians in Paris in these days of war? What sort of life is lived, especially, by civilians who are people exactly like the people who, in the safety of their Canadian homes, are now reading SATURDAY NIGHT?

Here are a number of extracts from a diary written by an elderly Englishman who has numerous relatives in Canada, and who has lived most of his life in France, has practiced his profession there with great success, and is now a member of that large and unfortunate class of people, the French "rentiers" whose income has been so heavily reduced by the depreciation of the franc and by misadventure with investments that it is only with the utmost difficulty that they can make ends meet. SATURDAY NIGHT cannot reveal the identity of the writer, but can guarantee the authenticity of the diary.

SEPTEMBER 3. War! After the uncertainty of the last few months it is a real relief in a way to know at last where we stand.

Our only servant is away on a holiday and under present conditions will not be allowed to come back to Paris. So this is how we live for the present:

I rise about eight. My first duty is to open the curtains, and then the iron shutters, which are not usually closed in peace time but must now be closed at night by police order. Then I clean up the tea-tray at the side of my bed, for I make myself a cup of tea every night by the aid of an electric kettle. Then I have my bath, shave and dress, and by that time my wife is back from her marketing and we have our *petit déjeuner* consisting of bread-and-butter (an occasional loaf of Hovis as a great treat), jam or marmalade, tea for my wife and cafe-au-lait for me.

For lunch yesterday we had some delicious "courgettes" (small and succulent vegetable marrow) cooked with cream, a soft cheese, peaches and grapes. I have a glass of claret and water, and a cup of black coffee. My wife rarely drinks wine. Then I take a siesta of an hour, and my wife goes out to see her few remaining friends left in Paris. I busy myself with music, writing, and an occasional cinema, although we grudge even the modest price of the latter, as every cent must be released reluctantly.

September 4. Nothing much new except the usual eventless void feeling inseparable from the initial days of war. It is vastly different from 1914, when everything was confusion, unpreparedness and disunion; when the enemy was only thirty miles from Paris and the dread that the city might be overwhelmed was acute. Now everybody both in France and England is united, resolute and disciplined. The enemy is behind the frontiers and likely to remain there except for air raids, for which we are thoroughly prepared except that we have not yet been able to get gas masks. They are out of stock at the British distribution office and the Embassy is awaiting a fresh supply.

SEPTEMBER 5. At 3.30 a.m. the sirens warn us of the first air raid. We turn out of bed, huddle on some clothes over our night things, turn off the gas, electricity, hot and cold water, and arming ourselves with two folding chairs, walk downstairs by the light of our electric torches to the *abri* or shelter appointed for us in a house on the other side of the street. We do this smartly but deliberately, as we have been told that we have twenty minutes or even half an hour before us, the enemy planes being signalled the moment they pass the frontier.

The shelter is a stoutly built cellar in a good house dating from 1892, when houses were well and strongly built in Paris of honest bricks and mortar, not that glorified papier maché known as reinforced concrete. This being our first experience, we were not quite warmly enough clad. By a humorous contrast, my eldest son found himself at the same time in a cellar which contained the hot-water boiler. Although he was clad in the thinnest pyjamas and dressing-gown, the heat was so oppressive that he thought the remote risk of asphyxiation by German bombs was slight compared with the immediate risk of suffocation by a hot-water boiler, so he went back to bed. We also went back at 6.45, although the All Clear was not sounded until 7. The warning siren is a grim eerie-sounding note; the All Clear is a much more cheerful sound, like distant church bells. We both slept soundly until past 9.

This afternoon we went by invitation to play bridge with a friend. There was no bridge until tea-time; then we played a few feverish rubbers. The conversation was a combination of futilities and nerves. Some people, even those who went through the war of 1914, seem entirely unable to master their nerves; and when this nervousness is coupled with arrogant statements, devoid of all probability, about what has happened, is happening and is about to happen, the talk becomes offensive.

SEPTEMBER 6. Second raid at 1.45 a.m. This time we were better prepared. We went down warmly clad, and I took some whiskey and books. The third Series of H. L. Mencken's "Prejudices" is just the thing to read during an air raid. He is just as ruthless in his way as a German aviator; one can see the poppy-heads fall at the swish of his cane. By way of contrast I had a delightful little book of French "contes," short stories by well-known authors. So the two hours and a half passed less drearily.

At 11 a.m. a fresh warning, which made us rather anxious, as the raid was on only a few minutes after the siren sounded. Probably a solitary plane which managed to elude the vigilance of the defence, for it was all over in twenty minutes. We expect this annoyance to go on until the dense skull of the Boche has been penetrated by the truth which we are informed was demonstrated in the Spanish war, namely that the defence has beaten the plane, and further that the nerves of Frenchmen cannot be broken.

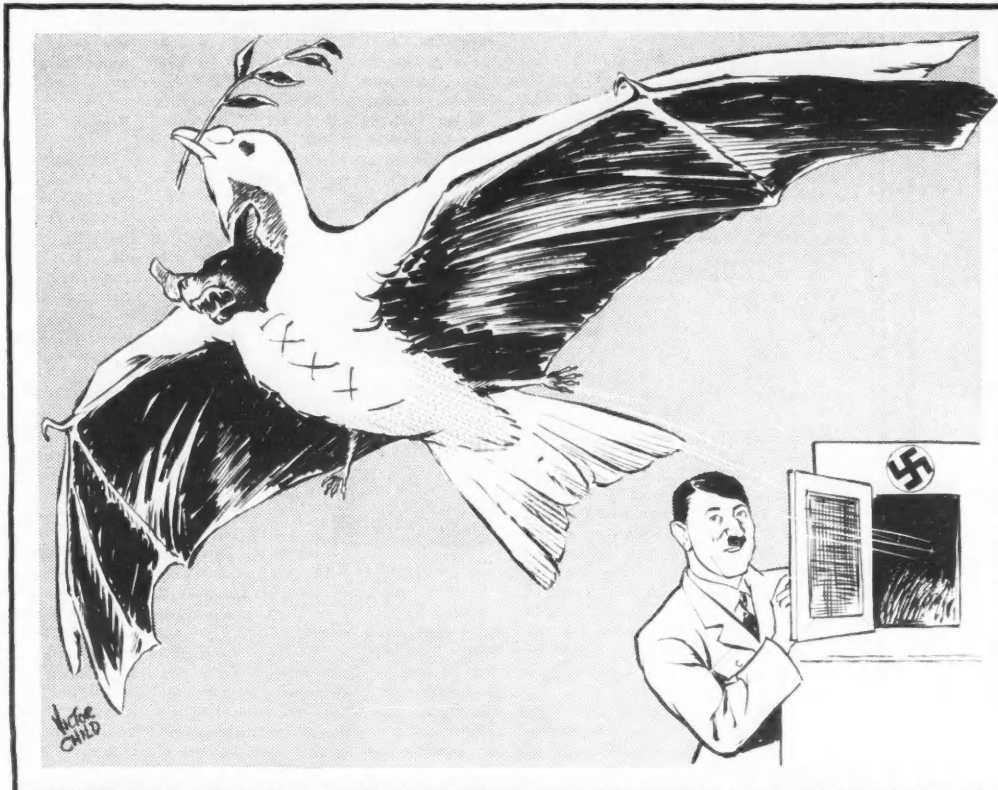
Our shelter captain proposes to transfer us from the brick shelter to our own house, which is built in reinforced concrete. A fellow-tenant who had experience of the Spanish war says, contrary to my anticipation, that concrete resists explosive bombs better than bricks and mortar. So as soon as the cellar vents are sealed up, which to my mind seals our fate so far as poison bombs are concerned, we shall move, going with the majority as my wife will certainly want to do. If I were alone I might do differently.

A friend whom we met at the Embassy, asked as to the respective merits of brick and concrete, said: "Neither for me. If I could do as I liked I would go out and lie on the grass in the Bois de Boulogne throughout the raid." I am not sure he is wrong.

Plenty of people refuse to go to the shelters. A man in the house opposite remains quietly in his flat. I know an old lady who confesses to eighty-eight but is probably well over ninety who also declines to leave her flat. Do not imagine that this is because she is losing her interest in mundane things; she reads the papers, knows just what is going on, and roundly abuses the British Government for having been, as she puts it, "diddled" by the Soviets.

SEPTEMBER 7. Went again to the Embassy but there was no one at the gas mask office, so I wrote a line on my card for the gas mask captain asking to be informed when the new masks arrive. I then had to walk some distance to the office of a company whose affairs I am looking after in the absence of the managing director who has been called to London, only to find that

(Continued on Page 5)



SWEET DOVE OF PEACE

THE WAR AGAINST AGGRESSION

The Great Silence In Rome

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

WHILE in Budapest this summer I came across in the *Neuer Wiener Tagblatt* a description by its Rome correspondent of what Italy would do on the outbreak of a European war. Absolutely controlling the Central Mediterranean, partially the Eastern and, with Nationalist Spain, the Western Mediterranean, "in the first phase she would prevent Britain and France from joining their scattered naval forces and destroy these in detail. With Spain she would prevent or at least hinder French reinforcements and supplies coming from North Africa." From her position in Albania she "holds the entire Southern Balkans," while from the Dodecanese Islands she would control the Dardanelles and from Libyan bases the Suez Canal. "It is difficult to see how Malta could hold out long against repeated Italian air bombing and naval bombardment, or Gibraltar against attack from the land side. . . . The situation of the Western Powers in the Mediterranean would rapidly become difficult and then impossible."

Is it possible that only a short time ago we used to half believe this sort of thing? Since the war—the real war with guns—actually began what has Italy done and what has become of the "Axis of Steel," with its pacts of "eternal" friendship, its "indestructible bonds," its unified military command and all the rest? Italy hasn't even mobilized. The word "Axis" has hardly been mentioned in the press since the shooting began. Now the ends of the Axis have come together and parted—without a word. Mussolini has given his people the three-fold watchword *Preparedness: aid for any peace move; and silence.* This, he said, answered "Italy's national interests." And "interest," as a very wise politician once said, "never lies." Which brings us around to the proper starting point for a discussion of what Italy is going to do.

The Vital "Back Door"

During the first phase of the war, far from undertaking the bold program outlined by the German writer above, Italy has been guided by motives of sheer self-preservation. If military people in Paris and London discussed with me with undisguised relish just how they would "crack down" on Italy in order to gain a quick victory to counter-balance the one Germany was likely to gain over Poland, then certainly the Italians knew all about this. The French spoke of storming in over the Savoy frontier and the British of cutting off the Italian armies overseas, in Ethiopia, Libya and the Dodecanese, and possibly Albania. The Italian Navy would either have to face a big battle or scuttle into harbor never to come out again. Blockade would cut off Italy from no less than 80 per cent of her normal supplies.

Even if Italy had wanted to go into such a fight it is doubtful whether Germany would have let her. For the Lombardy plains provide just the detour around the Siegfried defences and the passage, up through Vienna, into Germany's vitals which the French Army would be glad to have offered them. A few "realists" in Paris and London even spoke of the necessity of forcing Italy to fight on Germany's side in order to secure these advantages. One is glad that our side isn't quite capable of such crude tactics, even with the best excuse of military expediency.

Italy is a poor country at the best of times, strained to the uttermost to maintain the pretensions of a Great Power in peace time. When it comes to war she simply hasn't the sinews. She has no domestic resources of iron ore, coal or oil whatever. She has used up much of her military equipment in the Abyssinian and Spanish campaigns, and these, the Depression and the Sanctions episode have almost bankrupted the nation's finances. Once bottled up Italy would be entirely dependent on Germany for supplies. But Germany is hard-pressed to supply herself. The alternative to launching into such danger, privation and possible disaster, that of living in a peaceful Mediterranean, doing a lucrative war trade, recouping national and private finances, being courted by both sides and making sure of coming out on the right one, cannot but be attractive to the Italians.

Mussolini made the capital mistake of fighting his war before the real one came along. Not only

are his supplies depleted, but I felt this summer that his people had let down, from being held too long at high tension. When I asked whether they expected war they said: "We expected it two years ago and then we expected it last year. But you can't go on living like that so now we just don't think about it any more." Could Mussolini, if he had wanted to, have got his people on their feet for another and far greater effort, an apparently unnecessary war and on the side which most of them persist in regarding as the wrong one for Italy? I think perhaps he had strained their tolerance and good nature about as far as he dared through his Axis policy, and even weakened his personal position, as he did in challenging Britain in 1935, before Sanctions came along to unite the Italian people and save him. It is notable anyway that in August the King took the manoeuvres and the Crown Prince inspected Libya, while Balbo flew back and forth and began to appear in the newspapers again. Italians have always spoken of their King to me as a "stout little fellow." It is credibly reported that he refused to sign a General Mobilization Order for Mussolini during the Sudeten Crisis; possibly Mussolini did not care to risk another such rebuff.

Unhappy Junior Partner

One can imagine also that Mussolini's life as junior partner in the Axis has not always been pleasant. Germany was so much the stronger partner and, as the Italians found out before the last war and ought to have remembered, Germans, when they are "on the up" don't make comfortable friends. They invite you coaxingly to go for a walk and then if you don't walk fast enough or if you get out of step they jab you in the ribs with their elbow. Then there have been the liaison officers sent down in number, the air squadrons loitering wanted to base in Northern Italy and Libya, and the Gestapo pressed on Mussolini to introduce "real efficiency" into his comparatively lax repression and liquidation department.

A trustworthy French acquaintance told me that when he was hauled to police headquarters in Naples to account for a joking remark about the Axis which he had passed in a cafe, after a mild reproach by the Italian police he was taken in to the office of a German police official. When he showed his French passport this Gestapo agent snarled at him: "It's lucky for you you're not an Italian!" The Italian police apologized to him afterwards for the German. German tourists, too, and "Strength Through Joy" excursionists, have all too often neither strengthened the Axis nor brought joy to the Italians. They have pushed into the cathedrals in their leather shorts and generally strutted about as though in a colony. Travelling mostly on coupons they have been light spenders and become known as the "penny tipsters." Italians like tips, and gracious people. They don't particularly like Germans.

But they still, by and large and in spite of the past four years, like English people, I found them surprisingly friendly, just a month before war broke out. More than one waiter said to me confidentially: "No politics! You, me, friends." In the same way I particularly noticed in France and Britain that there was no hatred for the Italian people, just a few malicious jokes about the position they have got themselves into. Churchill's recent words addressed to "the great, friendly Italian nation, with whom we have never been at war" are neither hollow nor without hope of response. (The tragedy of Abyssinia is liable to lie buried and forgotten while this war is being fought and Europe being reconstructed afterwards.)

If the German side already seemed to most Italians the wrong one, Hitler's pact with Bolshevik Russia must have a profound influence on Italy's eventual decision. This war, though the man on the street may continue to think of it as against "Hitlerism," is fast developing into a struggle for survival of the West against its enemies and destroyers. Italy, the very fount of Western civilization, the home of Roman law, of Catholicism and of the Renaissance—can she fight on the other side? Her lights went out for 1000 years the last time the barbarians swept from beyond the Rhine and the Oder and overran Western Europe. Will she go so far as to aid a second invasion?

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THE WEEK IN CANADA

Appointed:

MAJOR-GENERAL A. G. L. McNAUGHTON C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., to command the first Canadian Division. Born at Moosomin, Sask., 52 years ago, Major-General McNaughton received his education at the local schools, Bishop's College at Lennoxville, Que., and McGill University, from which he graduated with the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Sciences.

At the outbreak of the first Great War, he organized the 4th Battery, Canadian Field Artillery. He was wounded at the second battle of Ypres in April, 1915, but returned to France to command the 21st Howitzer Battery of the Second Canadian Division. Promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel in 1916, he took over the 11th Brigade, C.F.A. of the 3rd Canadian Division, commanded it through the battles of the Somme until February 1917, when he was appointed Counter-Battery Staff Officer of the Canadian Corps. In October, 1918, he was appointed General Officer Commanding the Canadian Corps Heavy Artillery. Three times he was mentioned in dispatches and was awarded the Distinguished Service Order and the Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Returning to Canada in May, 1919, General McNaughton was appointed a member of the committee for the reorganization of Canada's military forces. He became director of military training on January 1, 1920, and deputy chief of the general staff 3 years later. In the meantime, he had attended the staff college at Camberley, Eng. He was the first representative from Canada to be sent to the Imperial Defense College and on returning to Canada he was appointed Officer Commanding Military District No. 11 in British Columbia. In

1929 he was appointed Chief of the General Staff in Canada. In 1933 he was given an extension and in 1935 was appointed president of the National Research Council. He served in the latter capacity until his recent appointment as commander of the first Canadian Division.

Interviewed:

LORD BEAVERBROOK, Canadian-born publisher of the London *Daily Express* by Gordon Sinclair of the *Toronto Daily Star*.



Pausing briefly in Toronto en route for Ottawa where he faces a series of important conferences, his Lordship had this to say about when England would win the war: "Only fools are making predictions as to when we will win the war. I hope — and think — that I am not a fool. Therefore, I leave prophecies to the other fellow." On why London or Paris or Berlin has not been bombed: "Maybe our defences are too good. Maybe the Germans are afraid of us. Heaven knows, I'm a man who speaks when my mind is made up. In this case it is not made up. I simply don't know the answers."

Lord Beaverbrook's comments on the boredom that the average Londoner feels as regards the current conflict: "Certainly they are bored . . . you'd be bored too. Wasn't it one of your Toronto men who said the peace was warlike and the war peace-like? (It was Hal Frank). That's what puzzles us all. We are groping around in the dark as though

in a blackout." Canada's future in the war: "Prosperity . . . inevitable and brilliant prosperity. Probably even lasting prosperity."

Fired:

By QUEBEC PREMIER MAURICE DUPLESSIS, his opening salvo in the Provincial campaign. Said he: "This is not a party fight. It is a fight for popular liberties. It is a fight for the life of French-Canadians and for their survival. We do not need the tutelage of Ottawa. We do not need tyranny." His views on the present conflict: "On the war question, I do not hide my thoughts. Mr. Lapointe (Justice Minister) makes promises and says there will be no conscription. I am always against conscription. I am always in favor of the use of our moneys for prosperity of our country, and of Quebec in particular."

Target for the Quebec Premier's broadsides was Justice Minister Ernest Lapointe. His first round: "Mr. Lapointe said a vote for Duplessis is a vote against his policy. It is true. A vote for Lapointe is a vote for participation, assimilation and centralization. A vote for Duplessis is a vote for autonomy against conscription." He raked the Justice Minister for having "prohibited broadcasts of political meetings in Quebec" while Communist newspapers continued "to circulate in Canada and in the Province." Second round: "Mr. Lapointe lets the Communist newspaper circulate, but the Prime Minister of Quebec has not the right granted to Communists." His parting shot: "I will never submit to Hitler in Germany any more than to Hitler in Canada. Mr. Lapointe wants us to fight tyranny, but he practices tyranny in Quebec."

Immediately following the speech



MAJ.-GEN. A. G. L. McNAUGHTON
(See "Appointed" Col. 1)

of the Union Nationale Government leader, Hon. Gilbert Layton, minister without portfolio, resigned his post. His reason: "At this time, when the Province, the Dominion and the whole world is badly in need of constructive leadership, Maurice Duplessis . . . has in my mind miserably failed his citizens and forfeited their confidence." Later in the week, Justice Minister Lapointe prohibited publication of the Communist French-language newspaper *Clarite*. In a radio address, Mr. Lapointe declared that a Duplessis victory in Quebec would be the signal for his, and the resignation of other Quebec ministers from the Federal Government.

Chosen:

HON. THOMAS A. CRERAR, Minister of Mines and Resources, and a member of the Union government in the first Great War, to go to London to participate in a war conference with Great Britain and the other nations of the British Commonwealth. The minister will leave for London shortly. Said Prime Minister Mackenzie King of the appointment and its objectives: "Mr. Crerar will consult on specific matters with members of the Government of the United Kingdom with a view to ensuring the most effective co-ordination of war effort, and will return as soon as possible in order to report on the situation to his colleagues."

"He will also confer on the situation with members of any other Commonwealth Governments who may be in London at the same time."

Dominions Secretary Anthony Eden, speaking in the British House of Commons had this to say of the conference: "We feel confident that we here will benefit from the various knowledge that we shall thus gain of the problems and plans of the Dominion Governments. We also hope that the Dominion Governments will be helped by the first-hand impressions which the Ministerial representatives will form and the full report that they will take back with them."

Conducted:

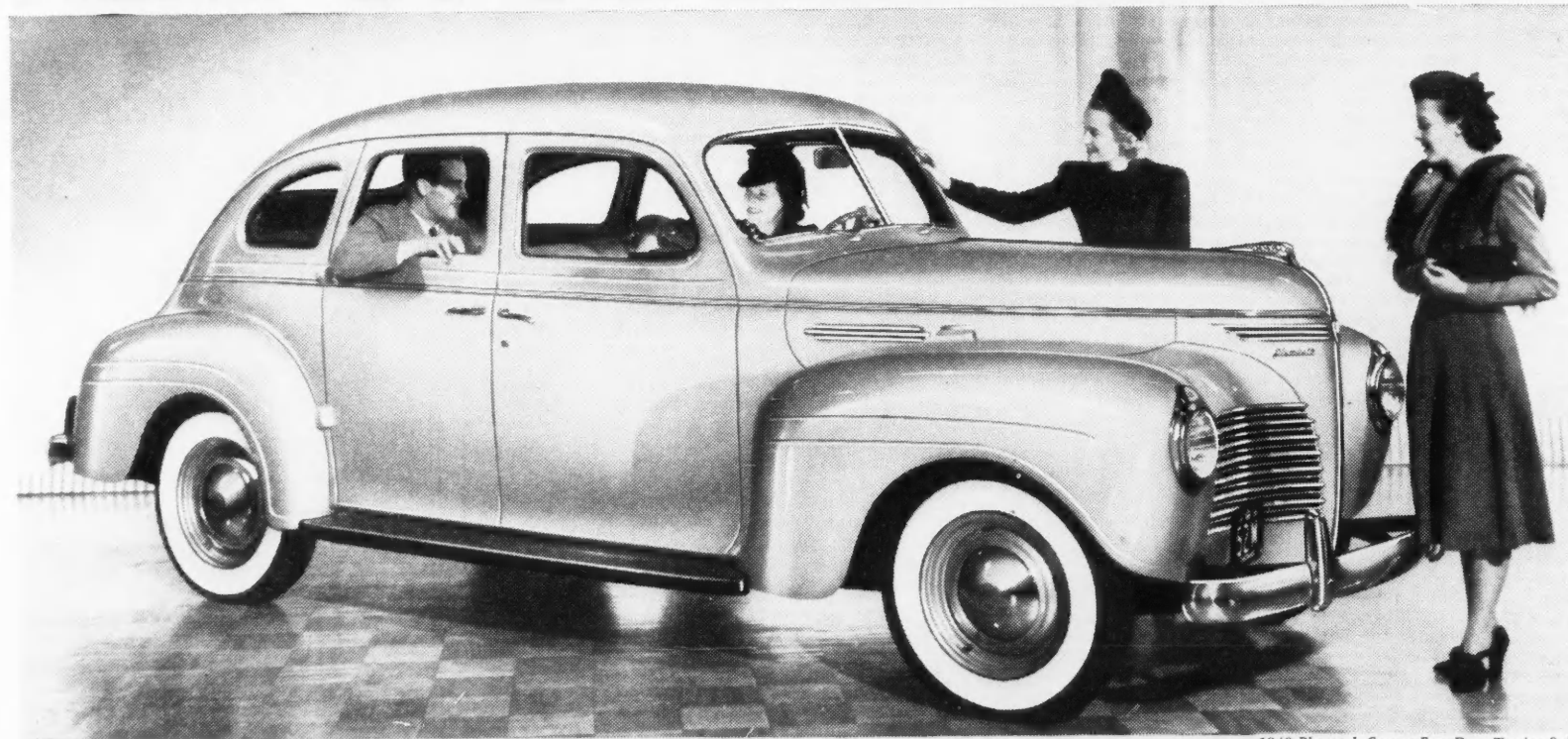
Under difficulties, an inquest at Brooklin, Ont. The inquest was held in the Council Chambers in the basement of the town's only available hall, which is also used as a place to dance. Everything was going along smoothly until the orchestra began to play directly above the Chambers and the town's younger set began to truck on down. As the dancers warmed to their work, taking evidence was something of a hit-and-miss job for the noise was more than a match for the witnesses' voices. The court stenographer was forced to move his seat until he was sitting on the lip of the witness box, and at one time the question of supplying megaphones to witnesses was discussed, but finally all the evidence was heard and the jury filed out. To cap it all, just as the jury returned, the lights went out and the verdict had to be read by the aid of matches.

The inquest concerned the death of A. O. Sanderson, Cannington truck driver who was killed at a level crossing when his car was hit by a train. The death was held to be accidental.



QUEBEC PREMIER DUPLESSIS
(See "Fired" Col. 3)

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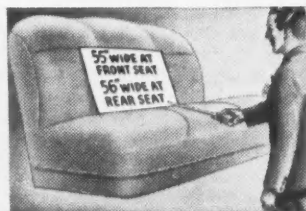
Wheelbase has been increased—but overall car length remains the same. New, advanced weight distribution places all passengers near the centre of balance, producing a thrilling new "Luxury Ride". Handy-Control gearshifting on the steering column is standard equipment on ALL models, including the lowest-priced Roadking. Headlamps are the new unit-type "Sealed Beam" design with 50-65% more illumination on the

country driving beam. Rear doors are straight at the back and rear door windows now go all the way down . . . All doors are wide—you walk straight in and sit down. All windows are larger and set lower for better vision. You can "see" no matter where you sit in the 1940 Plymouth.

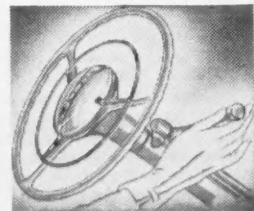
See the handsome new Plymouth models now on display at your Chrysler-Plymouth-Fargo dealer's showrooms. Take that thrilling new Plymouth "Luxury Ride" today.



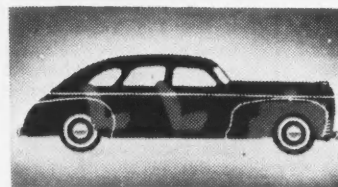
New "Sealed Beam" headlamps have 50% more illumination on country driving beam.



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Soldier On A Bus

BY WESSELY HICKS

"GOT a match?"

He was neither big nor small, old nor young; just an ordinary man who happened to be sitting in the rear seat of the bus with an unlighted cigarette in his hand and whose only mark of distinction was the uniform he was wearing. Beside him on the seat was his soldier's cap and as I reached across with the match, I brushed it on to the floor. Picking it up, I noticed the badge on the front. Royal Canadian Engineers.

"You fellows going over?" I asked, handing him his cap.

"Yep." He drew a good solid chunk of smoke down into his lungs. "We're in the First Division."

"Nervous?" I asked.

"No," he said. "No, not a bit. I was in the Engineers before the war started and now when it's come I just stayed on figuring the sooner we got there the sooner it'd be over."

We rode along in silence for awhile, bouncing on the back seat like corn in a popper as the bus hit the rougher stretches of pavement. The rain drifted in over the top of the open window on the soldier's side and he drew his greatcoat a little more tightly about him and then leaned over and turned the window up a little.

"It's a funny thing," he volunteered. "But my brother was killed with the Engineers in the last war and now the sergeant of my platoon is the son of the colonel of my brother's old regiment. Imagine that."

HE STUCK his cigarette back in his mouth and the lighted end glowed directly under the tip of his nose. He juggled it expertly to one side on his lower lip without touching it with his hand.

"Do you think this war will be as long and tough as the last one?" I asked him.

He nodded his sandy head. "Now that these Russians are coming in it looks real bad and England and France got to keep stepping to beat them. Our Sergeant-Major signed up after the last war for service in Russia and he says the Russians are good soldiers. He says in the last war they didn't have any equipment and nobody can fight without equipment, but he says they put on a good show and now they got equipment."

He tipped his cigarette, which was by now little more than a live coal, over the lip of the window. Then he went on: "But we got another fellow who says he fought with the Russians and he says they're no good. So you can't tell."

He was sitting with his hands down between his knees and as he talked he looked straight ahead.

"It looks as if it were all over in Poland for awhile anyway," I said.

"Those Poles had a big army—," He looked at me inquiringly.

"About a million-an-a-half men," I hazarded, trying to remember something I had read about Poland's army.

He nodded. "They licked the Russians once and if they had any equipment like England's got, they could've held on longer against the Germans. I suppose if England and France loses the whole world will be Communist."

"You wouldn't like that?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I wouldn't like that. And this guy Hitler's got to be stopped. A man has to get on with his work

PAGE QUATRE

L'ÉVÉNEMENT-JOURNAL

QUEBEC, 4 OCTOBRE 1939

Les contradictions de M. Ernest Lapointe

Ernest Lapointe

Le discours de M. Chamberlain

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"I have no home," he said. "I just board in Toronto. They say we'll be in barracks in a month or so either at the Exhibition grounds or up at Petawawa. I sure hope it isn't Petawawa. It gets pretty cold up there in the winter time."

He took out another cigarette, fishing it out without removing the package from his pocket and I lighted it for him on the tail end of the match with which I had just lighted my pipe.

When we had both settled back again, I asked: "Do you like the army?"

"Yeah," he said. "Yeah, I like the army. There's just one thing wrong with it."

"What's that?"

"The old soldier," he said.

"In what way?" He paused over the question and then for the first time since we had begun talking he spoke with some heat, bobbing his head shortly to jerk each word off his lips. This was no broad impersonal question like Hitler and wars and death and world upheavals: it was a personal matter.

"He thinks he can run the army," he said finally. "He doesn't like taking orders from the young N.C.O.'s and he's always saying 'This isn't the way this should be done' or 'This isn't the way that should be done' or 'We didn't use to do things this way.' He doesn't seem to know that this time the army is different."

"You mean drill and equipment?" I asked. "Yes," he said. "But not only that. This time they're teaching a man to think for himself. Last time he depended on the written order all the time but this time they're teaching him to think for himself so he can go on his own—all alone if he has to."

Suddenly he jerked his head up and examined intently the streets we were passing. "Say," he said, "This's where I get off." He jumped to his feet, clapped his hat on his head and started down the aisle, hopping and swaying with the decelerating bus. Half way to the door he turned to look at me. For the first time he smiled. "Pleased to've met you," he said.

"Good luck," I said. "Good luck."

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War Diary in Paris

(Continued from Page 3)

they have moved their office out into the country. Then I had to walk to my club to get the London address of the company. When I got home I was fairly exhausted. Taxis are out of the question both for price and scarcity, and the bus and underground services have been cut down to a skeleton.

September 8. A courteous word accomplishes even more in war than in peace. At the bank I came across a friend and colleague who said he had two masks for my wife and myself; he had his car at the door and drove



SMART NEW CARRIERS have been provided for the gas masks of London messenger boys. Here is a spot of adjusting of this essential portion of wartime apparel.

me to the Avenue Hoche to get them. I was fitted in the morning and my wife in the afternoon. My card to the gas mask officer evidently produced the desired effect.

We are now allowed only a quarter of an hour to get to our shelters, but this is ample as we know exactly what to do and have everything ready to hand.

We play bridge much oftener, and my insistence on playing as often as possible has had a salutary effect in putting an end to war talk.

The darkening of the city is complete. Street lamps are reduced to a small point of blue light. All uncurtained windows are smeared with blue paint; also the headlights and metallic parts of motor-cars. All inside lights which reflect on to the ceiling or windows have to be covered. The effect is gloomy, and it is uncomfortable, not to say dangerous, to go out at night.

Daylight life is a great contrast. There is so much movement that but for the uniforms and the boarded-up shopfronts you would hardly suppose there was a war.

SEPTEMBER 11. Small raid at 3.45 a.m. First visit to our new shelter, in our own house—much more comfortable than the old one for everybody. I have an armchair with a good light by which I can read quite comfortably. Above all there are no less than three exits. The enemy was no more successful than on previous occasions. No sound of gunfire.

The few night hours when we may expect a raid are characteristic. Our ears are so sharpened that we catch the faintest sound resembling a siren. The other night when absorbed in a book I heard such a sound which seemed to be getting nearer. I laughed when I identified it as my electric kettle beginning to boil. These sounds do not disturb our nerves in the least. After about 4.30, when we are fairly sure of no raid, especially if the weather is overcast or rainy, I drop off to sleep again, sure that my wife, with far sharper ears than mine, will be certain to awake at the first blast of the siren.



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3 MOCK TURTLE—a rich, suave soup that must be "just so"—but when it is, it is one of the most delicious and distinctive ways to begin a dinner. Only a few famous restaurants—and Campbell's—offer you mock turtle (the expensive green turtle's rival) at its best.

4 CHICKEN GUMBO—the fame of southern hospitality and southern cookery came from dishes such as this. Campbell's have taken a prized southern recipe and adapted it to modern tastes. Tender okra in it, luscious tomatoes and tempting chicken meat. A soup out-of-the-ordinary—and delicious.

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Those "Ammunition" Boots

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

THAT is what they used to be called, unless my memory is serving me sorry tricks. Regulation ten-pounders for the simple reason that each boot weighed five pounds or felt as if it did; but why they were called "ammunition" boots is one of those things I don't know. Were they (and are they) tanned in a concoction of tincture of iron and essence of gunpowder, cut out by armorers (or safe-crackers) and stitched by mechanized farrier-sergeants, do you suppose? (The things we don't know are the things we wonder about. Heaven help the man who knows everything—and no food for wonder left in his larder!) But they are good boots; and millions of good men have got into them, and thousands of the best have died in them, in the way of duty.

Throughout the generations since the beginning, paternal governments have clothed the Canadian Militiaman, in his military capacity, from the top of his head down to his ankles—and have stopped at his ankles. The boots of the Canadian Militia have always

been the said militia's own responsibility except during its periods of foreign service as regular troops. As militia, training and having its difficult being within our own borders, it has been treated by successive governments as if it were footless. If there is no better reason for this than Napoleon's statement that an army marches on its stomach, then it isn't good enough.

(No sooner said than done! Our Non Permanent Active Militia is to receive an issue of foot-gear at last—of regulation ten-pounders to the value of one hundred thousand dollars.)

The boots that were issued to the embattled militia at Valcartier in the fall of 1914 were not ammunition boots. At first they were not called anything in particular. Later, they were called unprintable names. They were brown and light and soft to the feet. Nothing could have felt more comfortable on the dry loam of Sir Sam's big Quebec camp. There was a fit for almost every foot. Even

our veterans of former wars, possessed of soldierly cunning and criticism and corns, could find no fault with those boots then and there. They comforted the foot and flattered the eye. They did not require breaking like three-year-old colts, nor yet greasing and hammering. You put them on and laced them up and stepped out about the day's work just like that. Nothing to it! No stumping along as if shod in wood and iron. If it had not been for those danged putties, you wouldn't have known you were in the army.

That was Valcartier.

Those stylish brown boots were something else again on Salisbury Plain. In the sodden grass and slobbery mud of that place and season, the boots that had been soft just to the stage of comfort at Valcartier became of the softness and consistency of porridge. They became as sodden as the rain-soaked grass, as slobbery as the mud. They fell apart as if they had been stitched with vermicelli.

One remembers those days with

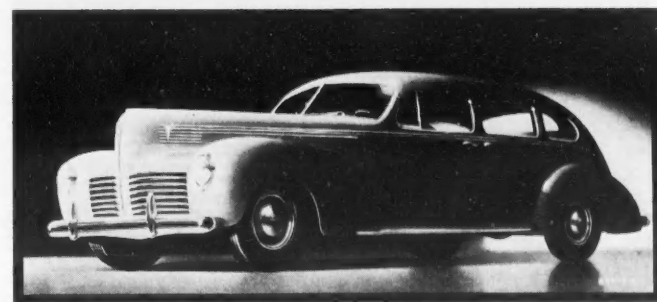
mixed emotions. We old soldiers have pictures to look inward at, whatever else we may lack—and God grant that we still have visions to look forward at!

I can see the huts now on a typical Salisbury Plain morning of the winter of 1914-'15. Each hut is occupied by a platoon. I approach, somewhat fed up with a gobbled breakfast and a left-leg puttie too tightly wound, and find my platoon standing easy in two ranks and arguing with the platoon sergeant. And coughing. Their coughs rasp and rattle from flank to flank, shaking the mist. Sergeant Burd turns to me and salutes. He is very young, too thin for his height, earnest and worried.

Nothing But Laces

"It's their feet, sir," he says. "Their boots. You might say they haven't any. Nothing left but the laces, so to speak."

"Which is God's truth, sir," coughs Private Jones, a survivor of the unfittest from the last brawl in South Africa and old enough to be the sergeant's father. "If I had to march ten yards I'd have to hold the soles on with my two hands an' hop along like a kangaroo. You know me, sir."



THE 1940 FORD. High power-to-weight engineering practice marks the new Hudson models, distinguished by impressive styling. Here is the 8 sedan.

"Yes, I do—but even so, I'll take a look. One foot at a time. Hah! Hum! Fall out."

Foot by foot, I inspect the boots of my command. When that chore is finished, only fourteen of the sixty remain in the ranks. I march the fourteen onto company parade while they cough protests fit to strangle; and the forty-six hop back to the hut like rabbits into their hutch.

"Where's your platoon?" asks the company-commander.

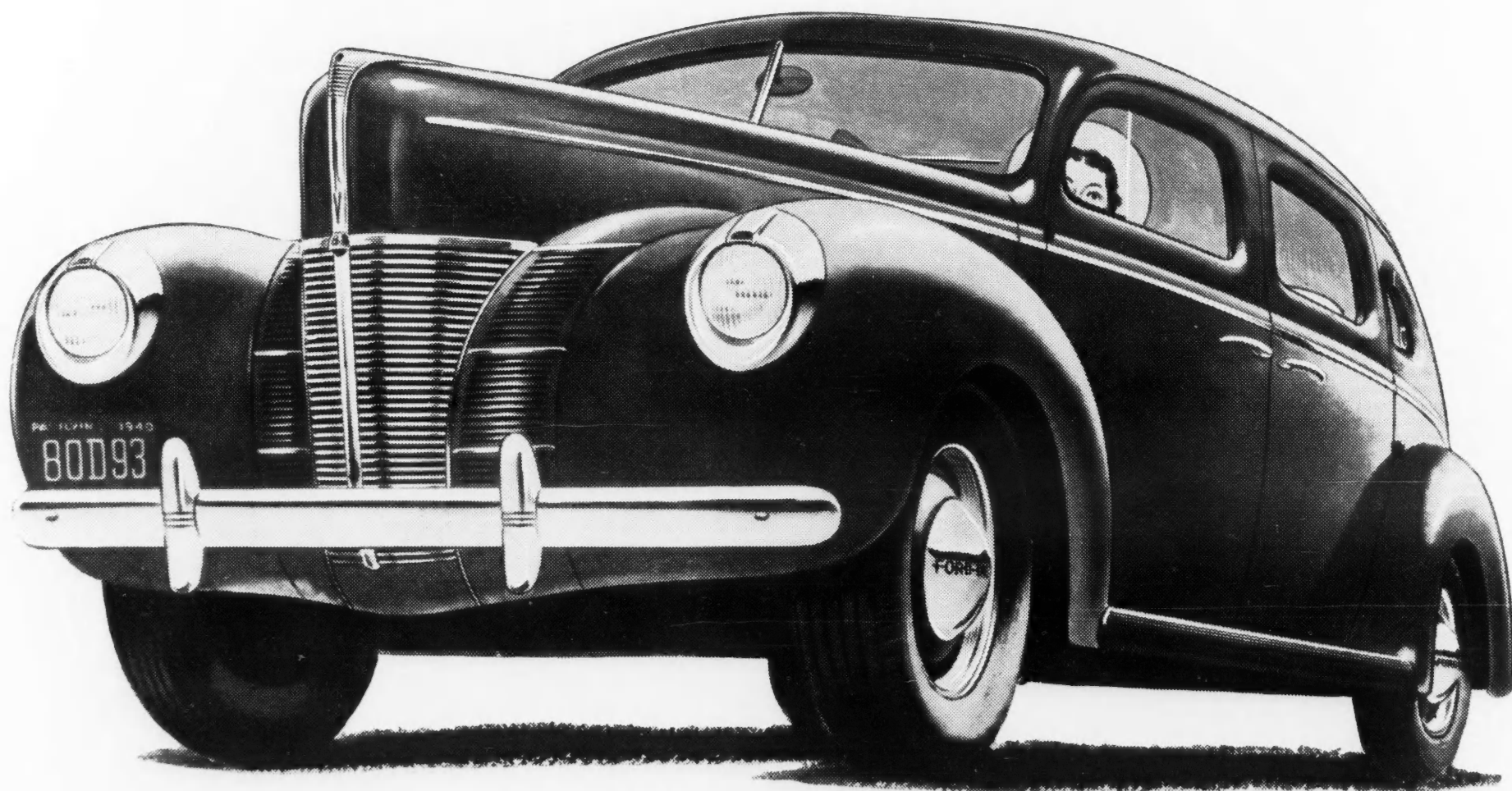
"In their hut, sir. All but these fourteen."

"Why aren't they on parade?" "It would be too hard on their sox, sir."

"Don't try to be funny. This is no joke."

Joke or not, the next boot-issue to the Mud Larks was of regulation ten-pounders. So we lived and learned in those times; and many died in the learning (not to speak here of those who died later.) But it is a comfort to know that Canada remembers the lessons so dearly learned in the winter of 1914-15.

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16. Improved soundproofing
17. "Easy Shift" transmission
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22. Headlight Beam Indicator in driver's direct vision

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N O W O N D I S P L A Y

Britain Rules The Wires

BY SYDNEY DUNCAN

ONE of the advantages of command of the sea, little appreciated by the general public, is that it gives command of the wires. Lying on the floors of the world's oceans are 3,000 submarine cables covering a distance of about 300,000 miles. In times of peace they are extremely important for commercial purposes. In times of war they become vital links between Europe and the other continents, along which must be transmitted not only news, but also military and diplomatic instructions and reports. The position of these cables may be assumed to be roughly known by all the combatants and the advantage enjoyed by the nation with command of the sea is that it can keep intact its own cable services while severing those of its enemy if it thinks this is desirable.

"But there is always wireless," it will be said; "although a country may have every one of its submarine cables cut it could still communicate overseas by wireless." True, but wireless suffers from one great disadvantage—lack of secrecy. The instructions transmitted can be heard by anyone who cares to listen. "Beam" wireless is a relative term. The beam cannot be narrowed so that only receivers in the direct line can hear the transmission. Code or cipher may be used, but this represents no more than a delay in transcription. The British experts in the Great War developed such remarkable skill that no cipher was effective for more than a few hours. Telephonic speech can be "scrambled" so that it is a meaningless jumble of sound except when received by a transmitter which is arranged to "unscramble" it—this amounts to an acoustical code—but it is not impossible for the key to the scrambling to be discovered and the appropriate receiver used.

Raiders Attack Cables

For this reason, cables are essential for really secret communication, and Britain is fortunate not only in having a navy sufficiently strong to ensure that her cables are not sabotaged, but also in controlling by far the greater part of the world's cables. The Eastern Telegraph Company alone has 110 cables covering 54,000 miles. German raiders at the beginning of the Great War sought to attack cable stations in remote parts and it will be recalled that it was the attack of the Emden on the Cocos station in the Indian Ocean that brought about its destruction. A landing party destroyed the station, but did not know that an "S.O.S." had already gone out and was bringing H.M.A.S. Sydney at full speed to cut off the raider.

Great Britain cut a number of German cables. In some cases the cables were "deflected," that is, joined up to a new piece ensuring that the cable was used for the purposes we desired. German cable communication direct to the United States was cut off. This harassed the Germans considerably and there was always the possibility that their most secret diplomatic communications would be read by their enemies. This, in fact, happened and the trapping of the message which suggested that Mexico might attack the United States, decoded by our experts, was a factor in bringing America into the War. Germany had to use the most devious routes via Sweden and South America for transmitting to the United States.

Pure sabotage of submarine cables whose position is approximately known can be accomplished fairly



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easily, although the great weight of the cable makes the matter rather more difficult than might be supposed. Generally, however, the cable is scientifically cut by a ship with special equipment. Grapnels are towed slowly along the sea bed. If they catch on the cable, the fact is shown on a dynamometer which registers the increased strain. The Lucas grapnel is designed to cut the cable on the sea bed and bring up one end—either end can be chosen. Normally this device is used, of course, for repair work, and after the cut portion of the cable has been repaired, it is buoyed and the cable-ship tackles the other portion, eventually joining them together again. In time of war thousands of miles of cable may be cut near the shore and a new length joined on to bring the foreign station into communication with an altogether different country!

Cable Work Is Slow

Cable-ships necessarily work slowly and are not protected from attack in any way. For this reason they can only be active on behalf of the nation able to command the sea and ensure that they do not become easy marks while at work for a raiding cruiser or lurking submarine. German submarines were very active in their efforts to destroy British cable ships during the Great War. The Post Office cable-layer Monarch was sunk off Folkestone in the War, although whether by mine or torpedo was never established. The Dacia and her escort were torpedoed near Funchal and at least one other vessel engaged in cable laying was torpedoed.

Britain is fortunate in possessing two first-class cable-ships in the Monarch and Alert. Cable-ships are filled with technical equipment and

therefore not easy to build quickly. For the same reason the adaptation of a large cargo vessel or liner to carry perhaps 3,000 miles of cable, with the necessary electrical apparatus, is difficult, if not impossible. Britain's cable ships during the Great War were able to lay many thousands of miles of new cable, notably in the Eastern Mediterranean and to Arctic Russia, the cables playing a vital part in the direction of campaigns.

When wireless telegraph developed many people jumped to the conclusion that cables would quickly become obsolete. They were quite wrong. The mileage of cable in use has steadily increased and a "cable blockade" must in its way be as harassing to an enemy as a merchant shipping blockade. It is interesting to recall that in the very early days of submarine cables the possibility of this type of blockade was foreseen and one writer expressed the opinion that the cutting of a cable would be looked upon as a barbarity equivalent to the bombardment of a church or the poisoning of wells!

Padlock Law Decisions

A contributor to the *Fortnightly Law Journal* (Toronto) makes the following comments on the Quebec Padlock Law and other Quebec legislation; apropos of the announcement that an appeal is being taken from the judgment of Chief Justice Greenfield:

THE judgment of *Fineberg v. Taub* is now in appeal. It is important to observe that in spite of this decision, a number of issues are still left undecided. Are we to assume that premises are being used for communist propaganda from the mere fact that the dweller happens to be a communist? Are we to assume, in other words, that a man who proclaims himself to be a communist has no longer the right to rent for himself and his family a dwelling within the Province of Quebec? This question seems to have been answered in the affirmative by the Court of Appeals in the unreported case of *Lessard, Lesard*, who is a communist, found his home padlocked by the police and his family padlocked by the police and his home padlocked by the police and his family padlocked by the police. On being arrested, he was convicted under s. 168 of the Cr. Code. His conviction was maintained on appeal.

Still another question which remains unanswered is that centering on the seizure of books and literature in the homes of suspected communists. Of the actual padlocking of buildings, the writer is informed that there have been no more than five instances in Montreal since the coming into effect of the Communist Propaganda Act; but something like 200 raids upon private libraries have been made by the police. Quite often books which are innocent of any relationship to communism have been carried away and never returned. Some of the flowers of modern literature have found themselves pressed into the

vaults of Notre Dame Street tangled together with communistic fungi. The police, being somewhat green in matters ideological and literary, and in any event not having the time to pore through every collection which they visit, seem to have adopted a rule that a book becomes communistic when its possessor is a communist.

IT HAS been exceptionally difficult to challenge this part of the Padlock Law before the Courts in spite of numerous activities on the part of the police. Undoubtedly one of the reasons for this inability is an anti-democratic amendment to the Code of Civil Procedure passed by the Taschereau Government in 1929, which reads as follows:—

"No proceeding by way of injunction, mandamus, or other special or provisional measure shall lie against the government of this Province or against any minister thereof or any officer acting upon the instructions of any such minister for anything done or omitted or proposed to be done or omitted in the exercise of the duties thereof including the exercise of any authority conferred or purporting to be conferred upon same by any Act of this Legislature." 19 Geo. V. c. 79.

Actions taken against the police with a view to obtaining restitution of property wrongfully included under the heading of communist literature have thus far been unsuccessful on the ground of incorrect procedure. Thus in *Gould v. Puze* (unreported) an action was taken against the provincial police chief personally for the return of an automobile which had been seized along with its cargo of newspapers. This action was dismissed on the ground that it should have been directed against the Provincial Government by means of a petition of right.

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A Catholic and Mellow Mind

BY MARGARET LAWRENCE

MEN, WOMEN AND PLACES, by Sigrid Undset. Translated from the Norwegian by Arthur G. Chater. Ryerson. \$2.75.

MADAME UNDSET, either in fiction or in essay, is to the reader like a quiet look at a mellow old stained-glass window in a fitting place. Through her writing the light of the soul comes softened, and in it the story of human experience moves us sometimes unbearably like music heard after emotion. She is so deep in her spiritual perception and so acute in her human insight. She has a prevailing kindness; she has historic patience. But more than anything she has justice which is in its tone like the justice the recording angel must have. She makes many of the contemporary writers sound plaintive.

This volume, made up of nine essays, shows even more fully than her stories the catholicity of her mind. The essays vary from literary criticism to historical interpretation and

include studies of places—landscapes,—which are exquisite pieces of prose feeling. In style they vary. In immediate subject matter they are excitingly diverse but underneath them all lies one absorbing general theme. And this theme is not easy to set down simply as a text.

Madame Undset believes that suffering is inevitable. The whole of human history is warfare; for the evil in human kind rages and usually with frenzy and often with subtlety. The soul is set down to deal with its own evil and the evil which touches it. It must make its own decision now and forever. There are institutions designed to help it; and customs and laws. There is also the story of the Incarnation—a story of sacrifice—which when accepted and understood has immense power to lift and to sustain. But most of us, or at least very many of us and particularly in this century, put off the decision we are here to make. Pilate did it before us. And in the opinion of many of the intellectual leaders of the day



SIGRID UNDSET
Author of "Men, Women and Places".

it is a comfortable thing to do. Certainly for the time being. But the result of such a put-off is a thin remote attitude to experience and leaves the people who manage it curiously like shadows walking in an unreal place.

In an essay on D. H. Lawrence she writes "Lawrence's perpetual harping on the sexual act, which to his sensitive soul meant communion—the blood contact between men and women—was quite naturally misunderstood by the great mass of his fellow

countrymen; it had not yet occurred to them that their world might be threatened with freezing to death.... The new phallus cult he sought to found no more brings peace and warmth in reality than it does to the eternally restless persons of his novels. But the idea that the human blood is such a mystical source of power and warmth, the saving fluid, occurs naturally to men who are fighting against the fear of an ice age and of anything that depresses vitality."

In several interpretive studies from history, Madame Undset invokes a mood of worship. From all those who have served to the uttermost the truth as they knew it there is thrown out a long imaginative radiance and with this radiance artists like Sigrid Undset may weave beauty and wisdom. She loves to wander in and around places where once life reached a heroic pitch or a saint lived. She believes that the place itself remembers; that though it hurries to remove what has been evil and though it can return serenely to its own business of growth as if mankind had never existed, it is quite otherwise when the memory it has is a memory consecrated to great goodness. It is a lovely comforting thought and when a fine mind like Undset's gives it forth we are inclined to listen respectfully.

Historical Heels

THE ABBOT'S HEEL, by Neil Bell. Collins. \$2.50.

BY W. S. MILNE

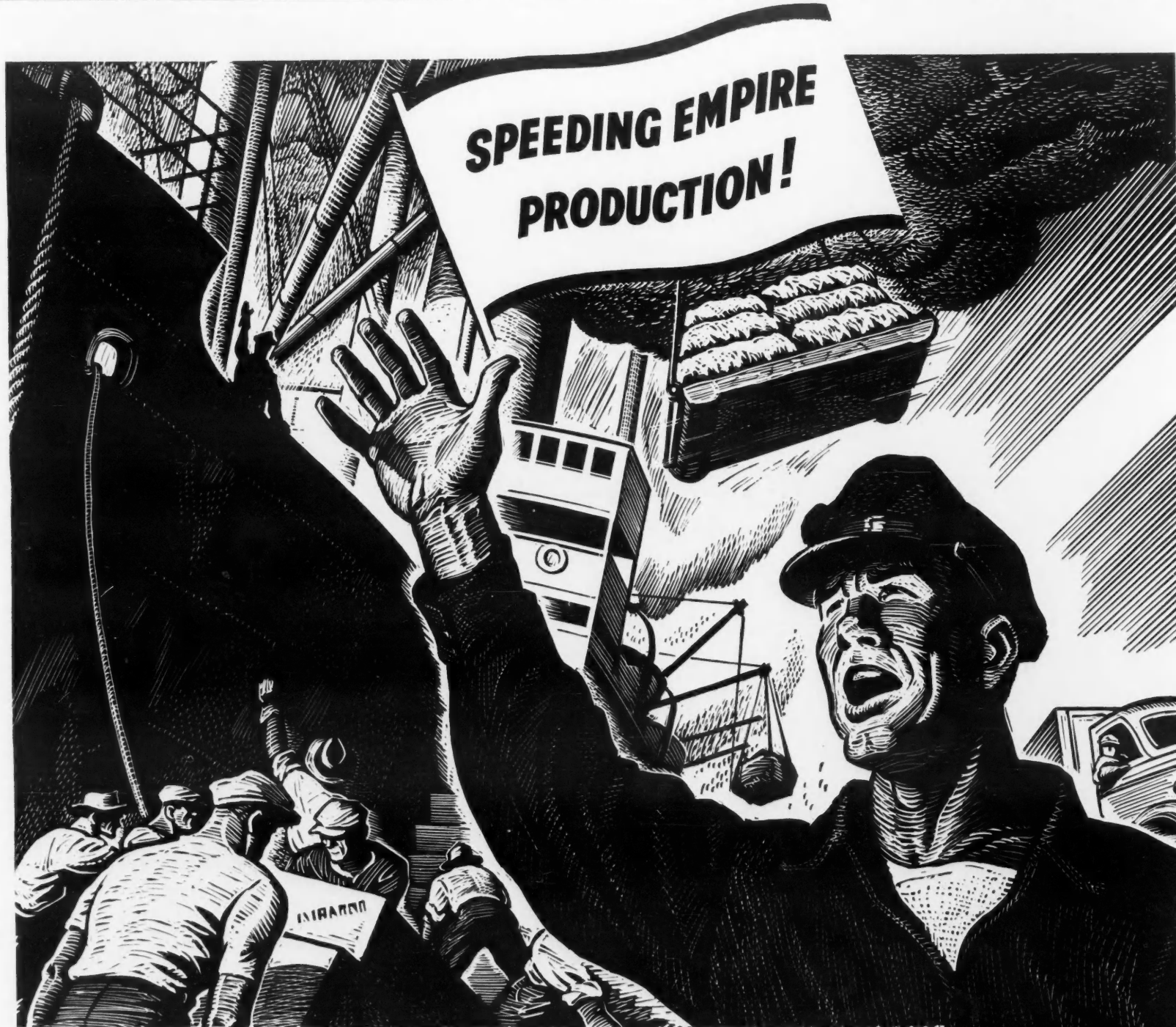
READERS of Carlyle will remember the manuscript of Jocelin of Brakelond, setting forth the story of the Abbot Samson of the abbey of St. Edmund's in the thirteenth century. Mr. Bell's book deals with a successor of the great Samson, the abbot of a hundred years later, in the reign of Edward II, who lost the battle of Bannockburn, and whose Queen ran away with Mortimer to furnish a theme for Marlowe. The abbey of St. Edmund's was one of the richest and most powerful in England, and the townfolk of St. Edmundsbury, and the knights, franklins and yeomen of the county of Suffolk had to suffer much at the hands of the abbatial power, legal, tyrannous and unjust. Neil Bell's new novel is an account of an attempt of the townfolk and lesser gentry to shake off the Abbot's heel, under cover of the disorders elsewhere in the kingdom. The attempt was completely unsuccessful, except insofar as it furnished inspiration for more successful revolts in years to come. Most of the leaders were cruelly tortured, some of them disembowelled before hanging. There is a theme here for a great historical novel, but Mr. Bell has not written it.

The first hundred and fifty pages are a sort of historical introduction, giving the story of abbey and town, and a picture of mediaeval life in general. Mr. Bell is too anxious to show that he has been doing a good deal of reading in the subject. Actually the complete text of the play of the Deluge—presented, according to the text-books, by the water-leaders and drawers of the Dee in the City of Chester—is interpolated into the story, on the slender excuse that it was written by one of the chief characters and first produced in St. Edmundsbury. Furthermore, the story is told in the first person, as by one of the chief figures, writing for his son, and this forces on Mr. Bell the use of a sort of costume-lingo which is much harder to read than straightforward English, and just as far removed from the language of those days.

One cannot help comparing this book with those two grand romances of Conan Doyle's, laid later in the same century, "Sir Nigel" and "The White Company." In "Sir Nigel," there is a tyrannous abbey, but we get it all dramatically presented in twenty pages, in action and dialogue. We see the tyranny, and see Nigel come to grips with it. Bell gives us a great deal more information, but he gives a great deal more than is necessary for the story, and presents it in the manner of a history-book, not of a novel. Again take the scene at the Pied Merlin, near the beginning of "The White Company." The folk assembled there are a cross-section of fourteenth-century England, and do more to make the past alive than a hundred pages of exposition. I pay tribute to Mr. Bell's earnestness, and his historical accuracy I take for granted, but he has buried his story in a mass of detail. Even the lady is unchivalrously made to take a complete back seat, and after vanishing from the scene for three hundred pages, is permitted to reappear chiefly in order to round off the story. Never for a moment is she a real person. Indeed, now I come to think of it, the only real or memorable person in the story is a fighting sub-sacrist, nicknamed Wolf-face. Put Stephen alongside Alleyne, or Adam Shep by Sam Aylward or Hordle John, and they are pale and insubstantial shadows. Adam had the makings of a real character, but they were all wasted.

BOOK SERVICE

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THE BOOKSHELF

Voice From the Past

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

HARDLY A MAN IS NOW ALIVE, by Dan Beard. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.50.

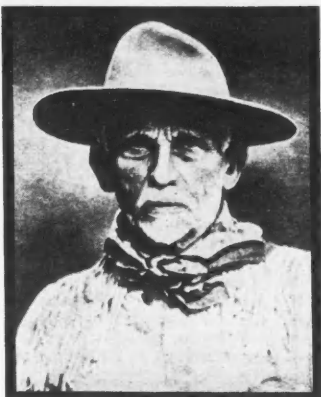
MEN venerable today were little boys in 1880, and used to take delight in the stories and drawings of Dan Beard which appeared in St. Nicholas, Harper's Young People and other juvenile publications. As they grew up they heard of Dan Beard in other capacities; as the friend and illustrator of Mark Twain, as a lieutenant of Henry George in the single tax movement; as a naturalist and agitator for game and forest conservation, and finally as founder and National Commissioner of the Boy Scouts of the United States.

Now in his 90th year Dan Beard has published his autobiography, mainly occupied with his boyhood and early manhood. It presents an amazingly vivid pageant of the social life of his country in the period between 1850 and 1910. It is but natural that his mind should dwell on the past, — a very rich past. He knew almost all the famous Americans of the post-war period, and all save himself are dead. But through all the amazing changes of the nine decades he has lived, boyhood has remained his primary interest. Despite his fame in other fields he believes that he found his real vocation when in middle age he helped to found the Scout movement with his old friend Baden-Powell. In those middle years he wrote and illustrated no less than 18 books primarily intended for scouts.

Daniel Carter Beard comes of the oldest American stock. Family records from the time the Beards arrived at Boston in the good ship Hector in 1637 have been carefully preserved. They pioneered first in Connecticut and in course of time moved on to the Western Reserve, now the State of Ohio. He was born in Cincinnati in 1850 when it was the chief cultural and industrial centre west of the Atlantic seaboard, and known as "porkopolis." It stood on "free soil" on the banks of the Ohio but across the river was Covington, Kentucky, where slavery existed. His boyhood was spent partly in these two cities and partly in Paynesville, Ohio, on the shores of Lake Erie, a depot on the "underground railway," which enabled escaping slaves to reach Canada. Very early he became an abolitionist and in his prayers used to add "and please God, make the negroes free!" to "Now I lay me." He saw Lincoln standing in a carriage in Cincinnati in 1860, and still cherishes the memory of the smile the President-elect bestowed on him as he with childish enthusiasm waved a flag.

Having known countless celebrities, all now departed, he says that the three deaths which affected him most were those of Lincoln, Henry George and Theodore Roosevelt, the two latter intimate friends. Henry George with his impassioned zeal for the abolition of poverty, he regards as the grandest soul he has ever known. In connection with Lincoln he recalls that his mother devised a very original form of Pelmanism. She suggested to other women who were taking their children out to see the great man that afterwards the youngsters should all be spanked that they might remember the occasion. She was perhaps not serious for at all times she was brimming over with kindness and fun.

The boyhood he describes was a river-boyhood much like that recorded by Mark Twain in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," save that Beard lived in cities teeming with commerce, whereas the humorist was reared in the sleepy village of Hannibal, Mo. For the boys of Covington the civil war was at their very doors, and boy-like they played at mimic battles. Beard's father was not in commerce but a celebrated painter. All his sons, though educated for other professions became painters, writers, engravers and illustrators in New York. The most celebrated, except Dan, was Frank Beard, inventor of the "chalk-talk." In the later chapters sketches of the celebrities of 50 years ago, especially Mark Twain, abound; and we learn that the latter was imbued with an ineradicable sadness over the problem of human suffering, which he could not reconcile with a belief in a moral government of the universe. Altogether it is a fascinating book; amazingly vital considering the author's years.



DAN BEARD
Author of "Hardly a Man
is Now Alive."

of which they can survey the country.

The plot is an old one, the story of a girl, Judith in this case, whose family are on the side of the Boers and whose affianced is on the English side. It is, however, treated with a certain newness and freshness. The story grows very naturally out of the developing causes of war and the authoress succeeds in giving a very realistic analysis of the states of mind of the Boers who see the war coming. A few scenes are sharply limned—Joanna standing with her rifle poised and deliberately shooting the British officer leading his troops when they come to the farm; Judith defying her father's command to marry Dirk and forget Robert Butler;

Dirk absentmindedly walking into the guns of the enemy and being blown to pieces.

There is something a bit pathetic, something of the valor of the lost cause in the Joanna who refuses the permission granted for herself and family to remain on their own farm after the war is over; in her determination to go to concentration camp with the rest, even though her feeling for the English is based on purely personal reasons rather than on larger issues.

Altogether there is something very satisfying in "So Much Has Happened," combining as it does some excellent character studies with a very clever analysis of the Boer-English situation and a sympathetic interpretation of the South African veld. Perhaps, of all the characters, the hero, Robert Butler, is presented with least realism.

The Crime Calendar

BY J. V. McAREE

KERRY O'NEIL is a new writer to us, and we hope to meet him again. He presents us in "Mooney Moves Around" (McClelland and Stewart, \$2.25) with the first Bonus Mystery. The pages toward the end of the book in which the previous astonishing doings are to be explained,

are sealed. If the reader is not interested in continuing he can return the book and have his money refunded. But if he persists and goes on to the bitter end he is provided with a coupon which he can cash for 35 cents with the bookseller from whom he bought the book. It is our guess that no purchaser will fail to get the bonus, for "Mooney Moves Around" is an exciting book. It presents us with the usual tough private detective and his comely secretary (Hi, Mr. Hammett). The dialogue is highly humorous and smart without being unduly profane or blasphemous and we enjoyed it greatly. Since Mooney was formerly a wrestler and a top sergeant of marines it is natural that he should solve his problems rather with headlocks than by undue cerebration. But he is amusing company. The only defect in what is really a first class story is the vagueness with which the murderer is presented. He is altogether too faintly drawn, and this detracts from the thrill of the denouement. . . . Carter Dickson, and his well known expert Sir Henry Merrivale, specialize in murders committed in rooms from which no murderer could possibly escape and we are obliged to confess that they do so with great plausibility. In "The Reader is Warned" (McClelland and Stewart \$2.25) the puzzle is to discover the means of the murder,

and in the course of the story we are told of two or three methods available to most people which are guaranteed to leave no trace. Though the reader's credulity is strained more than once we think on the whole that Mr. Dickson brings off his difficult feat. In fact, we think this is one of his best yarns.

The New Books

GENERAL

"A Guide to Alaska", by Merle Colby. Macmillan, \$3.50. Authoritative and complete story of America's "last frontier" prepared under the Federal Writers' Project.

"Chateaubriand", a biography by Joan Evans. Macmillan, \$4.00. Written "that those who are unfamiliar with his voluminous works in French may none the less enjoy the pictures in his gallery of memories."

"The People's War", by I. Epstein. Ryerson, \$2.00. An account, largely eye-witness, of the whole course of the war in China from its outbreak right down to the fall of Hankow.

"Europe Overseas", by S. J. B. Whybrow and H. E. Edwards. Dent, \$1.75. A concise, factual survey of the growth and present position of the Empires of the European powers.

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Even after all the parts were made, it would take you hours to assemble them and evacuate the bulb by hand. And yet, in less than 15 minutes, the average Canadian workman can earn enough to buy a MAZDA lamp. How can this be possible? It is possible for the same reason that you can, today, buy hundreds of other

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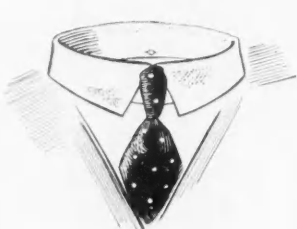
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AN ALL-CANADIAN COMPANY—26 BRANCHES FROM COAST TO COAST

"Call Me A Business Man"

BY J. B. LAWRENCE-SMITH

HENRY RUTHERFORD JACKMAN is a new type of politician for Toronto. He is a well-to-do manager of investment trusts and estates who ten years ago decided that he ought to take an active interest in the country's affairs.

He decided that the best way to enter politics was at the bottom. Five years ago he joined the Rosedale Riding Conservative Association and ran for the position of auditor, the lowliest of posts on the executive. He won. For the past three years he has been president of the Association. A short time ago he contested the Federal Convention against Harry Clarke, M.P., the sitting member, and defeated him two to one.

Behind that short outline lies the story of a young man, now 38 years of age, who has made a success of his own business in the field of finance. He likes politics and strangely enough thoroughly enjoys his work with a ward association that is known for its tough and bitter fights.

Cabbagetown Boy

Mr. Jackman was born in Toronto. His grandfather, a sailing captain, came to the city close to a hundred years ago from Sussex, England, and settled in Cabbagetown. Cabbagetown, which is the lower end of the Riding, has produced "Tommy" Church, Joe Thompson and divers other politicians. It is now one of the poorer districts in the city.

His mother was a Rutherford, of Scottish descent, from Ulster, a descendant of the Rev. Samuel Rutherford, D.D., Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's University, Scotland, and a signatory to the Solemn League and Covenant.

Huron and Rosedale Public Schools, the University of Toronto Schools and then the Royal Air Force were the next steps in the Jackman career. He enlisted when he was 17 years old and took his training for three months when Armistice was signed.

Later followed attendance at the University of Toronto and Osgoode Hall Law School. He was called to the Bar in 1923. He liked the law but preferred finance for which he had a particular flair.

The result of that aptitude has meant a measure of security for himself and his family. But first he took a postgraduate course at the School of Business Administration at Harvard University.

No Wild Money

Before he settled down he "did" Europe. He visited Scotland, England, France, Belgium, Austria and Italy. He spent a month in Germany during the early part of the inflation period. When he entered Germany one could

TRANSFORMATION

TONIGHT I am a veritable siren In sequin snood and sandals edged in gold; I'm sure I could have captivated Byron I feel so glamorous and starry-eyed and bold.

But shod, by day, in sensible low heel With glasses on my nose so I can see I trundle baby through the park and feel

Exotic as a turnip—woe is me!

MAY RICHSTONE.

get 300 marks for one dollar. When he left the same dollar would buy 600 marks. First class, by train, from Berlin to Cologne, a full day's journey, cost, in Canadian money, \$1.00.

He doesn't believe in "wild money." His family has always been Conservative but he has a mind of his own.

For instance on railways he has this to say: "A solution to the railway problem must be found. Volun-



H. R. JACKMAN
—Photo by "Who's Who in Canada".

tary co-operation between the two railways has been a failure. Forced co-operation or unified management would seem the only way out. I will use all my influence to see that such a policy is made a plank in the Conservative platform."

He is still a Manion man. He lives in South Rosedale, one of the better residential districts of Toronto. In the same riding there are 10,000 people on relief out of the 62,000 who make up the riding.

He wants something done about it. "The chief concern is that the Canadian working man shall have a full dinner pail."

He has met hundreds of young men and women between the ages of 18 and 30 who have never had a steady job since leaving school.

That is why he says: "I believe everyone should be interested in poli-

tics. The officers of large corporations who make it a rule to abstain from politics are not shouldering their share of the country's problems, unless public relations of that company absolutely forbid it."

Youngest Candidate

He is the youngest Conservative candidate in Toronto. Denton Massey is one year his senior. But he started at the top without going through the mill.

Mr. Jackman likes chopping trees. He does that on the farm at Kleinburg, on the Humber River, where he spends his summers.

He has callouses on his hands to prove it.

He is a firm believer in the essentials of the capitalistic system.

"The oil that makes the system work is the profit motive. Remove profits and the system does not work."

He has no illusions about the system but believes that reform is necessary.

He married Mary Rowell, the only daughter of the Hon. Newton Wesley Rowell, former Chief Justice of Ontario. They have two children, Hal, seven and Eric, five.

He is the Treasurer of Metropolitan United Church. He was a Methodist before Church Union.

He plays terrible golf and some squash.

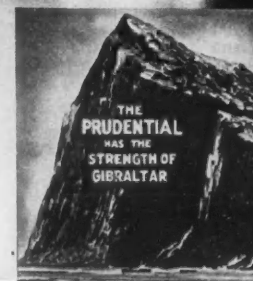
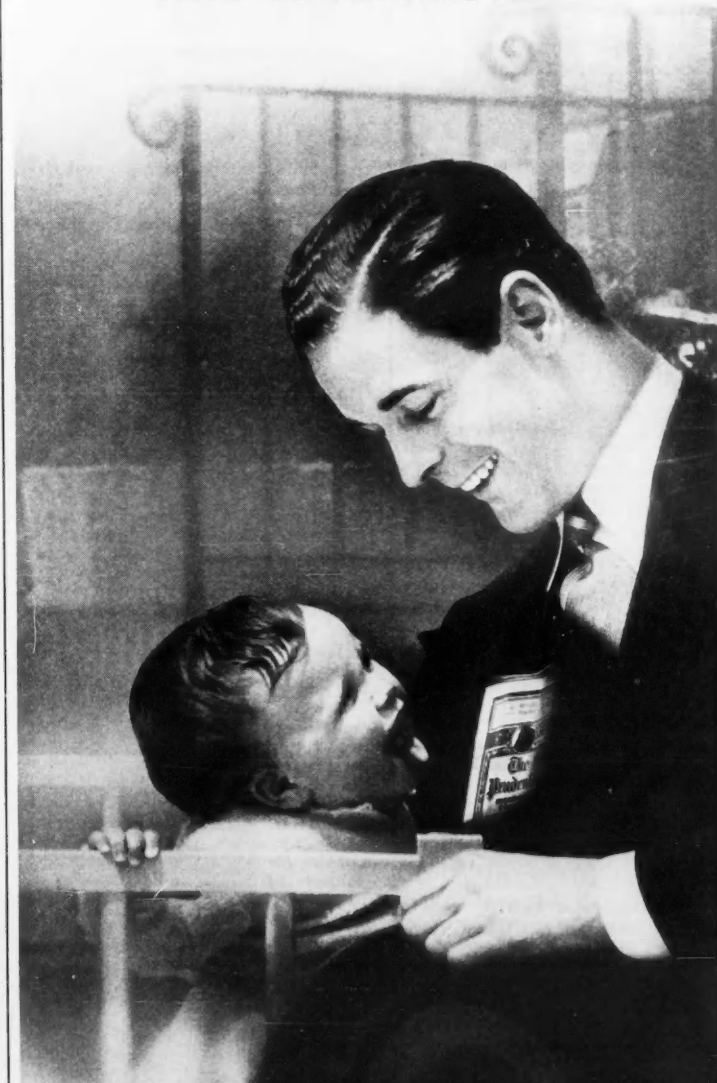
He is a member of the Lambton Golf and Country Club, the Badminton and Racquets Club, the National and Albany Clubs. His luncheon clubs are the Canadian and the Empire.

He is a Mason, a life member of Harvard Lodge and a member of Ionic Lodge.

His reading is mostly financial journals, books on economics and some biography. Little fiction for him.

He hopes to be elected without making any promises.

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SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER 14, 1939

P. M. Richards,
Financial Editor

Why "Cash and Carry" is Nonsense

BY ALLAN WATSON

IN the United States the real issues of the war are clouded by the battle of words, at Washington, over the repeal of the arms embargo. To such an extent, indeed, says Mr. Watson, that the large pro-Ally bloc in the country has worked itself into a belief that the war is as good as won if the embargo is lifted in favor of "cash and carry" buying.

BUT what good will the "cash"—meaning gold, do the Americans? In what respect will payment by gold benefit them any more than payment by another set of war debts?

AND what happens to the gold standard—in the preservation of which the United States is vitally interested—if that country acquires ALL the gold?

THE United States is a country which has a deep, if not abiding, faith in slogans. At the present time the slogan is "Cash and carry," a phrase which originated in the groceries and has now been applied to the theory that Great Britain and France should be allowed to bring their baskets to the great American market, pay their cash, and cart their munitions away.

It is simple, with a fateful, specious simplicity. Would that the reality were as simple as that! It is another example of the thing to which I have drawn attention in these columns recently—the inability of the Americans to differentiate between national finance and personal finance. Between Great Britain borrowing five billions of dollars from the United States, and Bill Smith borrowing ten dollars from Tom Jones.

The Americans are determined that Great Britain will not be allowed to borrow another five billions of dollars, or even, presumably, five millions of dollars. Even the Dorothy Thompsons of the land do not advocate such borrowings. Instead, the fervent pro-Ally sentiment of the country (and make no mistake, there is a fervent pro-Ally sentiment) has fastened on this unfortunate grocery store simile as a way out, a middle course between strict neutrality, which means the indirect favoring of the German cause, and "the sort of a mess that we got into last time," as an American phrased it to me.

And our pro-Ally friends in the United States have been so busy defending the grocery store plan against the Borahs and the Johnsons that they have actually worked themselves into a belief that the war is as good as won if the arms embargo is repealed. Would that it were as simple as that!

What Happens Then?

But to return to the economic angle of "Cash and carry." From the short view, there seems to be nothing impracticable in the idea. It is known that both England and France have large credits available in the United States, in the form of ear-marked gold. And this gold forms the basis of payment for the "cash and carry" purchases.

But, assuming that all this ear-marked gold is turned over to the American government and the proceeds released, through that government, to the Allied Purchasing Commission which it is understood will do the work that J. P. Morgan & Co. did in the last war, what happens then? What benefits will accrue to the American government or the American people through the transfer of all this gold? Some American manufacturers, of course, will benefit from the diversion of the funds, but in what respect is the country as a whole better off?

Temporarily, it is true, business activity is quickened, employment gains, and there are profits—profits which have probably been more than discounted on the New York Stock Market today. But these things would happen to exactly the same extent if the Allied governments gave their notes, instead of their gold! In the last war this is what happened, and the American people were left holding the bag. This time, the American government is determined to get gold instead of notes. So what?

Give Away Gold!

Senator John F. Neylan, director of the National City Bank of New York, Regent of the University of California, and formerly legal adviser to the great financial empire of William Randolph Hearst, is neither a fool nor a philanthropist. He is a hard-headed lawyer. Yet Mr. Neylan advocated, only a few months ago, that the United States give away, to other nations, five of her fifteen billions of buried gold, in order that some meaning might be restored to the gold standard, and some basis be found for an orderly resumption of world trade.

Not unnaturally, Senator Neylan did not get very far with his suggestion. He realized that he probably wouldn't get very far with it when

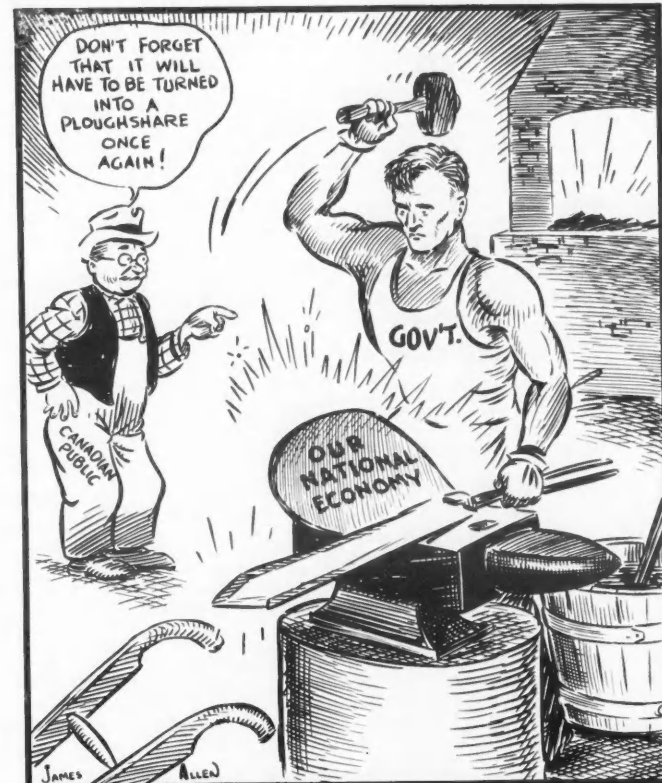
he complained that "any suggestion which does not fit in with the conventional jargon of diplomats... will be considered bizarre and Utopian." But he likened the situation, as it then existed, to a poker game in which the chips are all held by one player, and he suggested that some of the chips be redistributed "among the losers, so that the game can go on."

It is interesting to review this proposal today. Today, when even the broader-minded non-isolationists in the United States restrict their offers of aid to a "Cash and carry" basis.

Don't Need More Gold

Of course, the worthy senator exaggerated when he implied that the United States held all the gold. It only holds the great majority of it. But between acquiring notes-of-hand ("War Debts No. 2" they might be called) and acquiring the remainder of the world's gold, there is, so far as I can see, very little difference.

In the case of the notes, we know, from the experience of the last war, that the United States will be unable to reduce its internal debt by collecting its external debt. Or, in other words, we know that the notes would be valueless. But we also know, from the experience of the last ten years, that the gold acquired under "Cash and carry" would be equally valueless. Outside of the work-benefit received by the few score men who would be required to build fresh vaults to put it in, nobody in the United States would be one



WORTH KEEPING IN MIND

whit better off with twenty billions of gold buried than with fifteen.

As a matter of logical fact, the notes-of-hand, worthless as they would be, would be less dangerous to the American economy than would the additional gold. Because, while neither unpaid promissory notes or unused gold make for any employment, real wealth, or trade, in the country in which they are held, if there is anything to choose, the notes would be preferable to the gold, because they would leave the currencies of the debtor countries anchored—sheet-anchored—to a gold base whereas the other thing might completely wreck the basis of Capitalism. Not only of European Capitalism but of American Capitalism. Gold is of value only when one can trade with it.

It is not entirely a desire to get into the "war babies" that has made American holders of gold stocks sell and switch to base metals, steels, aviation and rails. It is also a dim, unformed fear of what is going to happen to gold. The Americans be-

lieve not only in slogans. They believe in "they," that anonymous force over which no individual or body has any control. "What will 'they' do when we have all the gold?" ask the Americans.

Gold the Basis

But they do not put their question far enough. If "they" scrap the gold standard, do Americans think that the base metals, the steels, the aviation and the rails will still be good holds? In other words, is gold not the basis of all our values? Is not this very war a fight between gold and what it stands for? A fight between the right of the individual to plan his own life and security and that of the state to do with him as it will? And, if this is so, of gold shares, in terms of our money, are worthless, is not everything worthless, including bank balances?

But this article did not start out (Continued on Page 15)

Co-operation And The Grain Trade

BY CHARLES P. COLES

In an article last week, Mr. Coles (a well-known Vancouver grain broker now retired) pictured a trading day on the Vancouver Merchants' Exchange and pleaded for a better understanding of the part played by the "middle-men" in the grain trade.

In this article he reviews the development of the co-operative movement in Canadian grain marketing and elsewhere and shows that organizations such as grain exchanges are truly a part of the co-operative process.

IN 1923 and 1924 Wheat Pools were formed in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and a central agency, (The Canadian Co-operative Wheat Producers) was organized to market their wheat. This was largely under eloquent advice, which previously had inspired similar movements in other staple products in the U.S.A. and other parts of the world. These co-operative efforts were, on the whole, disastrous for the producers. Two features caused weakness in the organizations and contributed largely to their downfall.

One of these was the very large scale upon which the organizations were initiated. To start upon a huge organization over-night, as it were, and to make it function smoothly and successfully is about as difficult as transplanting a full-grown oak tree.

The second feature was the loss of freedom to members and their regimentation. This was resented after the first enthusiasm had evaporated and the cost and difficulty of initiating new methods and principles in an old trade were experienced.

"Orderly Marketing"

The slogan of the new movement in the Canadian grain trade was "Orderly Marketing"—and this was founded upon a misconception—perhaps several misconceptions.

One was the belief that Canadian wheat was ordinarily pressed upon the world's market in the fall of the year, immediately after harvest, in a volume which forced the market down. It was contended, and appeared plausible to many, that, by holding back in the fall and marketing the Canadian crop more or less evenly over the whole year, a better average price would be obtainable.

There was also a good deal of talk of eliminating speculation.

Both of these ideas proved wrong and disappointing in actual practice.

The flaw in the "orderly marketing" idea, so far as restricting shipments when a new crop is flooding, is in failing to consider the movement from other parts of the world.

Each Has Its Turn

In early summer, say June-July, wheat commences to move in volume from the Southern U.S.A. and Europe. In August-September it starts to move in volume from the Northern U.S.A., and in October and November it normally moves in heavy volume from Canada. In December-January the Southern hemisphere (principally the Argentine and Australia) come into flood and are the heaviest sellers.

So that, the world over, each of the exporting countries has its turn of heavy selling; and the importers in other countries are accustomed to taking the wheat from the exporting countries in volume as their crops are harvested.

Canada is well equipped compared with other countries to hold back her crop and has an immense investment (over large) in country and terminal elevators, as well as some granaries on the farms. When the Wheat Pools, who controlled about half the wheat in Canada, held back, the independent sellers were influenced to anticipate higher markets, and, quite naturally, followed the Pools' lead.

This holding back of Canadian wheat had two bad effects. Firstly, it antagonized the wheat buyers abroad—especially in Great Britain, where, especially, through amalgamation, have become few in number, powerful and co-ordinated in their buying.

Secondly, while it stiffened the market temporarily, it resulted in accumulated stocks of wheat and a growing carry-over from year to year on which storage, interest and insurance expenses were incurred.

A Disastrous Policy

This policy eventually proved fatal. The pooling farmers lost heavily; the government was involved in helping the farmers; there is now over-great investment in elevator equipment calling for returns and tending automatically to hold grain back and to increase "overhead" expense.

As to the elimination of speculat-

ing, the reverse was true. An immense quantity of Canadian wheat was held in the hands of one organization (The Canadian Co-operative Wheat Producers) and the independent traders were largely induced to follow that lead—at any rate until finally convinced of the disaster impending.

Meantime other countries, particularly the Argentine, whose wheat flow normally follows that of Canada, disposed of their wheat more quickly and profitably than they would otherwise have done, and the British millers were influenced to reduce the usual proportion of Canadian wheat in their flour.

This, shortly, is the history of the Canadian Co-operative Wheat Producers.

British Co-operatives

It is instructive to glance at the history of the British co-operative societies (consumers). These started in a very small way nearly a hundred years ago with retail stores in Scotland and later in England.

The Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society and the Co-operative Wholesale Society in England now have an immense annual turn-over running into many hundreds of millions of dollars and they are still growing. The continuous growth from such small beginnings constitute one of their significant features. Another is the entire freedom of members to buy where they please, irrespective of their membership in a co-operative.

The British co-operatives have numerous factories, flour mills, bakeries etc. of their own. They even owned at one time a large grain farm in Canada and they still own a line of elevators, but they sell out the farm and are apparently content at present to buy Canadian wheat rather than grow it for themselves.

A significant fact is that the class which the British co-operatives represent is the consumer class—an all embracing class, although all in it are not members of co-operatives.

The classes represented in other large co-operatives around the world are usually producers of some staple article or raw material. The consumer organizations are growing so strongly that conceivably they may some day take over production.

Such an extreme development and concentration of power in a few hands is undesirable according to democratic ideas, but the present tendency of amalgamation of big industrial concerns and the forming of co-operatives is in that direction.

The Merchants' Exchange

But we are getting into deep water—let us rather pay another short visit to the Vancouver Merchants' Exchange.

The last time we looked in here there was an active market. Today it is dull.

It is 6.30 a.m. again and only six or eight members scattered around. Are they busy? Do they appear alert? They do not. If they are not all actually yawning they don't seem more than half awake.

Is anyone at the telegraph counter? Not a soul. Mephreg and Grass were sending wires when we were here before—where are they now? Doubtless in bed—nothing in the cables to get them up. Perhaps no cables at all.

The few present are brokers, for the lordly exporter or terminal elevator operator or shipping office manager may phone to their brokers on the Exchange, even if there is nothing to get them out of bed.

Neardash is not here—probably fast asleep. He lives well and stays up late. If you wait for 2 or 3 hours you may see him hurrying on to the Exchange and taking off his overcoat as if not a moment can be spared. But that means nothing—just a habit.

On our last visit, as you may remember, he was present at 6.30 A.M. reflectively stroking his moustache and gazing at the quotations going up on the board. Physically quiet then, but mentally active as—well, anything. Now he is, apparently, in a great rush but really thinking of nothing more important than last night's Bridge and the cup of coffee which he means to have.

What about the Wetfash staff? The cable codes are resting quietly upon

(Continued on Page 15)

THE BUSINESS FRONT

On Telling the People

BY P. M. RICHARDS

I HAVE received the following letter:

"Dear Mr. Richards:

"While I am in entire agreement with the title of your article 'Tell the People' (issue of September 30—Ed.), I feel that the contents leave much to be desired.

"We are fighting to exterminate a Menace. Not a menace to democracy and capitalism only, but rather to established law and order; not a menace to material advancement only, but to spiritual as well as physical freedom. And freedom is the cornerstone of real democracy. Is it not inadvisable to tell the people that we are fighting to defend a mode of government and a type of economy when what we are really compelled to fight for now is our very lives?

After all, democracy and capitalism had all the cards in their hands in 1919, and since then they have failed not only to make the world safe for themselves, but safe for anything.

"Hitler surely spoke a true word when he told Rauschning that he had the utmost contempt for the 'unimaginativeness, hypocrisy, irresolution and cowardice of the Western Democrats'. Or rather four true words. Who after all was responsible for Hitler's amazing rise, and the growth and establishment of Nazi-ism, if it was not German capitalists, and European capitalists and democrats? Did not one of the most outstanding examples of the latter recently say that democracy must never let things slide? Surely a classic example of hypocrisy.

Disgrace of Democracy

"It is, to my mind, to the everlasting disgrace of democratic statesmen since the last war that within twenty years of the end of it we should be fighting the same battle all over again. And if Russia and Italy were to join our adversaries, this time we should stand an excellent chance of losing.

"But the main thing now is that we are fighting, and fighting for all people the world over who want peace and a lasting security. France and England have stopped shirking their responsibilities as great powers (the U.S.A. is trying to keep up the pretence of having none) and they are fighting to save the world from chaos. The reasons for this war are clear to everyone who cares to think at all; we are fighting for everything that makes life worth living.

"Yours, etc. "R.W."

I think that "R.W." has written a good letter but that, like my article, it is open to criticism. He says that we are fighting to preserve freedom and not merely to defend "a mode of government and a type of economy". But if we lose those things, shall we still have freedom? We can take it for granted, I suppose, in the world situation existing today, that the alternative to our kind of government and economy is Fascism or Communism or something akin to them—something the basis of which is authoritarianism, not freedom. It seems to me that "a mode of government and a type of economy" are good concrete things to fight for, and quite sufficiently comprehensive.

Not the Ultimate

In the article "Tell the People", I did not, of course, intend to suggest or imply that we had achieved the ultimate in government or economy, but rather that the economic strains and stresses caused by the last war and evidenced in the recent long years of depression were tending to overshadow in public consciousness the enormous social progress made under democracy and capitalism and the opportunities for further gains created by recent scientific advances. I suggested that our national morale, and hence our war-making effort, might be improved by a propaganda campaign to make the people realize the facts.

"R.W." assails democracy and capitalism for having made a mess of things after the last war. Well, even so, can we do anything but resolve to do better in future? And we shall certainly do better, in one very important respect at least, which is that after we've won we shall not repeat the errors of the Versailles Treaty. This time we shall be more foresighted and strive earnestly to eliminate causes for future war. And anyway, has "R.W." an alternative to democracy and capitalism? Hitler and Stalin have, of course, but surely their way is not ours.

The fact is that we are fighting to preserve a certain way of life, the essence of which is freedom, and which our enemies, if they win, will destroy. This is not a war to make the world better but simply to save freedom; it's truly a war to "make the world safe for democracy". And that, surely, is a good cause to fight for, a cause which everyone who loves liberty should uphold.



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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

NATIONAL STEEL CAR

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have some National Steel Car stock and am very interested in keeping in touch with anything that affects the company and lately I've heard that they have large orders for shells for Great Britain. Can you tell me anything about this, or is it just another war-time rumor?

—S. G. J., Edmonton, Alta.

It is no rumor. For several years National Steel Car has been producing shell parts for Britain. The company started on an experimental basis, gambling that it could produce parts that would meet the requirements of the British government after the necessary machinery was installed, the initial output was shipped to England and found perfectly satisfactory.

Since then small-scale production has been continued with the purpose in mind of maintaining facilities that could be stepped up quickly in the event that larger production was required. When war started, the company was in a position where it had already had experience in this sort of work and now that some \$450,000 has been invested in machinery for the forging and machining of shells, the company is in line to receive still more orders. Further important expansion in this department seems to be indicated.

ALGONQUIN, GOLD HILL

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have some stock in Algonquin Mines and Gold Hill Mines, and would appreciate any information you can give me about them.

—F. G. C., Toronto, Ont.

Algonquin Mines sold its property some years ago to Consolidated Ontario Gold Mines, and the exchange basis was one new for 10 old shares. There has been no recent report of any activity and I understand the company is awaiting more favorable conditions before considering further exploration.

Gold Hill Mines has been dormant for a considerable time. Some gold was produced 11 or 12 years ago but the mill has since been sold for debts. The veins are narrow and general structural conditions not favorable to a successful operation.

BERYLLIUM

Editor, Gold & Dross:

As a regular reader of your Gold & Dross columns, I have noticed with interest your recent comment on such war-time metals as tungsten and molybdenum, and would appreciate some information on beryllium. What are its uses and is it produced to any extent in Canada?

—R. I. T., Moose Jaw, Sask.

Although beryllium, a semi-precious metal, was discovered about 140 years ago, it was not until recent years much commercial interest was attracted, largely because of its oxide content and high cost of extraction of the pure metal. This cost, however, has now been reduced to a point which enables its valuable properties to be utilized in industry, and the pro-



E. F. CROSSLAND, of Toronto, president of Steele, Briggs Seed Company, Ltd., has just completed fifty years' association with the company and to mark the occasion was presented with an illuminated address by the staffs of the head office and branches. Mr. Crossland was recently elected president of the Canadian Seed Trade Association.

duction of beryllium alloys, chiefly copper-beryllium and nickel-beryllium, is now expanding rapidly.

Beryllium is proven to impart high tensile strength to copper, and tools made of the above alloys have valuable properties of hardness and toughness, matching that of steel, and with the advantage of being non-sparking under most conditions. Recent research work on the use of a small percentage of beryllium in alloys with steel, iron, nickel, copper, platinum, aluminum and in bronze mixtures has given very gratifying results. The alloys appear to offer great possibilities for use as new construction materials, and on account of its light weight (one-third less than aluminum) is of particular importance in the vital parts of airplanes. It increases the hardness of copper and iron several times, also greatly increases their tensile strength, and both these qualities can be controlled by heat treatment. It alloys with aluminum providing hardness and resistance to cor-

rosion and is also used in X-ray apparatus.

While as yet there has been no commercial production of beryllium in Canada, the known deposits of beryl of possible economic importance include an occurrence in Renfrew county, southeastern Ontario, and others in the Pointe du Bois district, southeastern Ontario, as well as Rainy River and Abitibi districts of Ontario. The first named is considered to offer the best chances for development and Canadian Beryllium Mines & Alloys Limited has been active there for some years. Beryl crystals have been secured from surface pits and have been clobbered and stock piled with ultimate plans of installing a refining plant.

GATINEAU

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Kindly tell me how Gatineau is doing this year and how results compare with those of last. Also, what is the earnings outlook? I'm interested in this stock and would appreciate anything you can tell me.

—F. J. K., Toronto, Ont.

Gatineau's gross operating revenue for the second quarter of 1939 was approximately \$161,000 above the corresponding 1938 period; first quarter results showed a \$118,000 gain over the first 3 months of 1938. Second quarter net of 25 cents per share was 6.8 cents ahead of 1938, whereas the first quarter net of 23.6 cents per share had been up only 1.8 cents. Net in the first half was 48.6 cents per share, against dividends of 40 cents per share at the 80-cent annual rate.

The gain in earnings is accounted for by the rising power consumption on the part of the newsprint industry as well as from the larger amount of primary power being delivered since last fall to the Ontario Hydro-Electric. While there are a number of complicating factors in the Gatineau outlook, probabilities seem to favor earnings attaining a somewhat higher level. Chief adverse factor at the present is the premium of 11 per cent on United States funds, which adds close to \$250,000 to the company's interest bill payable in that currency. There is also the possibil-

(Continued on Next Page)

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST BY HARUSPEX

The market's long-term or year to year trend, under Dow's theory, continues upward. The short-term or month to month trend has been upward since April 8.

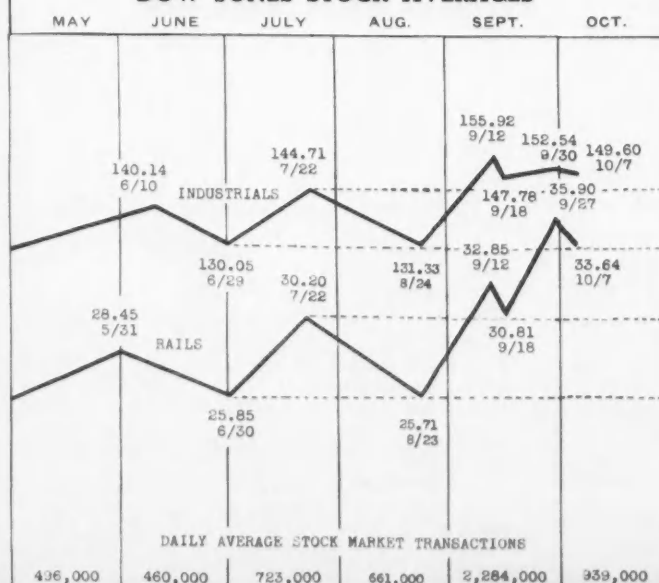
BUSINESS AND MARKET PROBABILITIES—After temporary interruption over the early months of the year, business resumed its recovery movement in May. This renewed climb was anticipated by the stock market in early April. The business upturn carried along irregularly until September when the outbreak of war in Europe gave the movement a decided lift. Fear that war purchases would cause price increases threw the hand-to-mouth buying policies of the past two years into bold relief and purchasing agents, under pressure of increased demand from the individual consumer, suddenly started to build up inventories. The building up process is still under way. Capital goods buying is also being forced by the heightened industrial activity.

Recently, however, Germany has conquered Poland, thereby accomplishing her declared military objective, and this fact has brought forward the possibility that Hitler, rather than undertaking the much more formidable military task of breaking the British blockade, may sue for peace. Hitler's uncomfortable position as junior partner to the Russo-German combination has also been suggested as another reason for his wish to terminate hostilities.

We feel, as Mr. Winston Churchill recently stated, that Hitler had full power to start the war but that it will stop only when Britain and France so decide. We see no sound reason why these countries should withdraw so long as the Nazi control remains at the head of the German state. Therefore, we are skeptical as to peace now. European diplomacy, however, is beyond the ken of this observer. We can only wait and see. If peace comes, we doubt if it will halt, other than temporarily, the cyclical recovery that has been under way since the early half of 1938. Instead of winding up in a war boomlet, this recovery would then probably blossom, in due course, into a peace boomlet. Stated otherwise, during the course of a cyclical recovery, all that happens, happens—as Candide would say—for the best.

Over recent weeks the stock market has sensed the hiatus in the war's progress as discussed above. Consequently, its price movement, following on the first sharp advance in recognition of the stimulus which war gave to business, has been sideways. In due course, these uncertainties will be resolved and the market will throw off its lethargy in favor of decisive action. Downside penetration by both the Dow-Jones railroad and industrial averages of their September 18 support points would signal the secondary trend as downward, and a correction of the entire movement April-to-September would be in order. Normal zones for such a correction would be the 144/139 level on the industrial average. To the contrary, should both averages develop strength that carried them above their September peaks, the secondary trend will have been reconfirmed as upward and further sharp advance would be the normal expectancy.

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GOLD & DROSS

(Continued from Page 12)

ity that costs will rise under the influence of war-time conditions, while taxes, of course, will take a liberal slice of profits. Offsetting the above-mentioned drags, is the step-up in deliveries of primary power to Ontario Hydro which will add upwards of \$425,000 to annual gross and added to this is the greatly increased activity in the paper industry which will augment substantially the revenue from power sales.

QUEBEC MANITOU

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would like your opinion as to the prospects for Quebec Manitou. I have a block of the shares which I purchased at much higher levels and am anxious to know if the improved market for base metals is likely to bring about a resumption of operations.

—L. B. H., Montreal, Que.

I understand Quebec Manitou Mines has plans underway for the re-opening of its property in Bourlamaque township, Quebec, as a consequence of the increase in the price of zinc, due to the war-time demand. Underground development and diamond drilling is

estimated to have indicated approximately 252,000 tons of ore with an average value of .085 oz. gold per ton; 3.69 oz. silver and 11.2 per cent zinc, along with low values in lead and copper.

Tests show that a relatively high recovery could be made of the zinc and that \$3.76 could be recovered in precious metals, and engineers estimate an operating profit of \$1.35 per ton on a 500-ton basis. The precious metal recovery is expected to cover operating costs and leave a profit of 46 cents per ton with the zinc content adding the balance. If the necessary finances are available deeper development will be carried out and the property likely brought into production once a profit could be assured from the sale of a concentrate.

EASTERN STEEL PRODUCTS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would like to get some information on Eastern Steel Products. Particularly I would like to know about the company's business this year and the prospects of dividends being paid. I know I can depend on anything you tell me and I want to thank you for this and the many times you have helped me out in the past.

—W. G. I., Halifax, N.S.

Because a rush of orders from customers seeking to forestall a rise in prices is keeping Eastern Steel's plants working at capacity, indications are that sales for the year end-

ing November 30, 1939, will be somewhere in the neighborhood of \$2,300,000 rather than \$2,000,000 which was expected earlier in the year. Earnings are expected to be adequate to pay a dividend of \$1 per share on the common stock. The last dividend, of \$1 per share, was paid on February 1, 1939, and it seems probable that declaration of the next dividend will not be made until after the end of the fiscal year.

In 1938, earnings were equal to 46 cents per share on the 58,000 shares of common outstanding, while in 1937 the company earned \$1.40 per share. Redemption of the old 7 per cent preferred on July 1, 1939, and replacement with 18,000 shares of 5 per cent preferred of \$20 par value will reduce preferred dividend charges slightly in the current year and by about \$5,000 next year. The new preferred are convertible into common on the basis of 4 common for each 5 preferred.

Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

Faymar Porcupine Gold Mines, Ltd., is the first gold mining company in Canada to announce plans for construction of a new mill since the outbreak of war. Officials have been encouraged to believe the excess profits tax recently introduced at Ottawa will be made more equitable than originally announced. The authorities at Ottawa are determined that all must expect to pay taxes in an effort to pay as we go for the war expenditures as far as is reasonably possible, but at the same time, seem disposed to avoid any imposts which saddle new enterprises with especially devastating levies.

Lamaque Mining Co., wholly-owned subsidiary of Lamaque Gold Mines, produced \$389,300 in August, or a total of \$3,072,160 for the first eight months of this year. Teck-Hughes Gold Mines owns 71 per cent. of Lamaque Gold Mines.

Teck-Hughes Gold Mines, through operation of its original property at Kirkland Lake and its interest in Lamaque, made a net profit of \$2,036,646 during the year ended August 31st. This amounted to 42.4 cents per share on Teck-Hughes.

Central Patricia Gold Mines produced \$871,415 in the first half of 1939 and realized a net profit of \$286,269. This amounted to 11.4 cents per share.

Negus Gold Mines reported an output of over \$60,000 during September, making some \$400,000 produced in the first eight months of the current year.

Upper Canada Mines is the latest gold mine to come into production in Ontario. The plant is designed to handle 150 tons daily, and with possibilities of being increased to 200 tons daily at very small cost.

Nickel demand in Canada is showing some increase as a result of a falling off in demand for nickel from Caledonia. This is due to the difficulty of securing shipping accommodation from Caledonia.

Little Long Lac has an orebody almost one quarter of a mile in length at the 1600 ft. level. This is the longest ore shoot so far developed in the mine. The shaft has been completed to 2200 feet in depth, and this will open the way to development of four new levels.

Anglo-Huronian, Ltd., was able to transfer \$240,076 to credit of surplus account during the year ended July 31st. Total current assets were \$7,178,184, the chief items of which were \$6,038,000 in marketable securities together with \$850,817 in cash.

God's Lake Gold Mines has opened a length of nearly 150 feet of ore which runs approximately \$13 per ton at the present price for gold. The ore covers the width of the drift. Plans are proceeding to commence sinking a new shaft to 2,000 feet in depth about the end of this year.

Smelter Gold Mines reports a crew of men at work on the property recently optioned to R. J. Jowsey, H. R. Drummond Hay and associates, the campaign of surface work to be followed by diamond drilling.

Gold accumulated at Ottawa at the end of August was not far under \$800,000,000, according to recent estimates.

East Malartic Mines produced \$1,496,000 in the first eight months of 1939, recovering an average of \$6.85 per ton.

Sigma Mines produced \$1,443,401 in gold during the nine months ended

September 30. This compares with \$1,299,340 in the corresponding period of the preceding year.

Base Metals Mining Corporation, controlled by Mining Corporation of Canada, has good prospects of being

Bond Investments in War Time

In view of the developments of recent weeks many investors are asking the questions, What should be done with securities now held? and, How should new money be invested?

Our October Review and Bond List endeavours to answer these questions, and presents a diversified offering of Canadian Government and Corporation Securities.

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When you ponder over your donations, here are two facts to keep in mind... volunteer workers, men and women, raise and administer the funds of Community Service, AND, Community Service does NOT overlap on other work performed by civic and private agencies.

Federation for
COMMUNITY SERVICE

September 30. This compares with \$1,299,340 in the corresponding period of the preceding year.

Base Metals Mining Corporation, controlled by Mining Corporation of Canada, has good prospects of being

able to resume production should strength develop in the demand for lead and zinc. The company has mines in British Columbia which have been highly developed. Ore carrying combined lead and zinc content of 30 per cent. has been developed in con-

siderable volume. The milling plant is in condition to be brought into full operation at very short notice.

Lead production in Canada is holding at a normal rate of around 32,000,000 pounds per month.

CONCERNING INSURANCE

Claims From Carbon Monoxide

BY GEORGE GILBERT

In the course of investigation of insurance claims arising from carbon monoxide poisoning, much valuable information has been developed regarding the action and effects of this deadly gas. What is needed is a wider diffusion of this information, because practically all involuntary victims of the gas are themselves largely responsible for such occurrences by reason of ignorance or carelessness.

Being the product of incomplete combustion, carbon monoxide may be produced by any apparatus burning either natural or artificial gas by improper adjustment of the mixer or where the flame touches any of the metal parts of the stove or the bottom parts of the cooking utensil. Of course, if there is a flue to the apparatus the fumes will be drawn out through the chimney. It has been stated on good authority that a great many lives would be saved every year if a law were passed forbidding hose connections and making it compulsory that all gas apparatus be connected to a flue.

CARBON monoxide gas poisoning is the cause of many troublesome claims in the insurance business. These claims are usually classified in four different groups: 1. Fatal cases where the question arises as to whether or not the death was accidental or suicidal; 2. Cases of severe gassing, which suffer true after-effects; 3. Cases of severe gassing, followed by doubtful after-effects; 4. Cases where some condition, due to an underlying cause, is attributed to mild gassing.

Undoubtedly the most troublesome claim is the one which results from the inability to differentiate between accidental death and suicide, and in some cases it is utterly impossible to decide just which it may be. Each case must be considered an individual one, and a decision arrived at on the facts and circumstances associated with the death. The natural presumption is that everyone wants to live, and accordingly it rests on the insurance company to prove that it was suicide, even though the burden of proof is on the claimant.

Before being in a position to make any definite decision, there are many factors that must be considered, ac-

cording to Dr. F. S. Rossiter, a well-known authority on the subject. The first question that naturally arises is: Was there a motive for suicide? Did the victim have financial difficulties, marital troubles, mental derangement from broken health, or strain from overwork? Did he at any time have suicidal tendencies or act peculiarly? Of course, as pointed out, if a note was left stating his intentions, if he threatened suicide, placed a hose from the exhaust into the car, closed all the doors and windows and ran the motor, placed a pillow under his head for comfort, or did other things which made suicide evident, then a decision can be easily made.

Accident or Suicide?

On the other hand, it is pointed out that if there is evidence of the victim having been doing some definite work, such as adjusting the carburetor, changing a tire, or making some repairs, and the necessary tools for such work are found present, then, on first consideration, the case would appear to be accidental. On closer study, one may wonder whether these things may not have been purposely arranged to have the case appear accidental in order to protect his family from the disgrace of suicide, or in order to collect on his insurance policy. To be able to make a decision in a case of this nature, it is necessary to consider the type of man and the motive for suicide.

In the garage cases, Dr. Rossiter is of opinion that the great majority of these are suicides. In practically all the cases he has seen and in discussing the subject with a great many people, it appears that these victims are all intelligent persons who know the danger of this gas, and they are not overcome through ignorance.

In the case of the man having financial difficulties, this type, he points out, would certainly consider the disgrace brought on by suicide, and would arrange things to have it appear as an accidental death, but he does not believe that the person who has become despondent and mentally deranged through ill health would make any attempt to hide the suicide. Nor would the man having marital troubles be likely to consider his family or his insurance and make any effort to have the case appear as an accidental death.

Difficult to Decide

Even when a motive for suicide has been established, however, there may be other factors which make a decision impossible, says Dr. Rossiter, and he cites the following case: "This man was in the automobile business and was familiar with gas; he had a large double indemnity policy; had both financial and marital troubles and was in danger of being arrested; he returned to his private garage at the unusual hour of 11 a.m., and was found dead some time later. In view of the above facts, this looked very much like a case of suicide. But the widow contended that death was accidental, because the husband had a hobby of raising bees, and had conceived the idea of driving the bees from the hive by placing a flexible tube from the exhaust pipe of his car to the hive, which fact he had mentioned to several of his friends. A beehive was found in the garage with which, she said, he had been experimenting. In this case no one could say definitely whether it was accidental or suicidal, although I am inclined to believe it was the latter."

From the standpoint of the exhaust gas itself, there are some important facts to be borne in mind which may be helpful, says Dr. Rossiter, in making a decision between accidental and suicidal death. The exhaust gas from an automobile contains from 5 to 15 per cent carbon monoxide, and about 2 cubic feet of carbon monoxide are given off per minute for every 20 horsepower. It can readily be seen that it would not take over five minutes to build up a concentration of the gas in a small garage that would be very dangerous.

Deadly Concentration

It is to be noted that when one first drives into the garage or just starts the motor, the concentration is low, but in a very short time gas enough is given off to cause effects. The victim may not lose consciousness at first, but may become so helpless that he cannot escape, nor even cry out



J. M. MACDONNELL, president and general manager of the National Trust Company, Limited, who on Thursday, October 19th, will address the Life Insurance Institute of Canada upon the subject "The Business Man in War Times."

for help. If the motor has been running for some time with closed doors and windows, and then one enters the garage, the concentration may be high enough to render him unconscious immediately. The rapidity with which one is overcome, it is pointed out, depends largely on the concentration of the gas and the activity of the person; when working hard one breathes three or four times faster and therefore that much more gas is absorbed by the blood.

As the onset of asphyxia advances, due to the effect of carbon monoxide on the brain, the senses and intellect become dulled without the victim knowing it. The symptoms are similar to those seen in a drunken man, and the gas victim is not responsible for his actions. He thinks he is perfectly normal, and insists on going on with what he set out to do. It is all quite painless, except for the headache; and while he may realize he is dying he may make no effort to escape.

Besides the carbon monoxide cases which occur in garages, there are those which happen in homes, some of which are accidental and others suicidal. The great danger in homes arises from gas stoves, cooking ranges and hot water heaters. In cities using artificial gas, which may contain from eight to fifty per cent carbon monoxide, more deaths occur, says Dr. Rossiter. A leak in a pipe or joint, a broken or pulled off hose, a quenched flame from a boiling-over cooking utensil, or an accidentally turned on valve, will allow considerable carbon monoxide to be emitted into the room, resulting in a concentration that is rapidly fatal. Where natural gas is used, only methane is given off under the above conditions. Methane forms no combination with the blood, and acts only by decreasing the amount of oxygen in the air by displacement. The air must be about 50 per cent methane before unconsciousness is produced.

Federal Life Insurance Act in Australia

ONE of the important Australian financial journals, the *Australasian Insurance and Banking Record*, in a recent issue recalls the fact that it is nearly forty years since the people of Australia, when agreeing to the establishment of the Commonwealth Parliament, conferred on that Parliament the power to make life assurance laws. Nevertheless, a Federal Act has not yet been passed, despite repeated requests by the Life Offices' Association. The matter is in abeyance at the moment, although life assurance has developed so much that there are now 3,500,000 policies in force, assuring over £500,000,000. The lack of uniformity in existing State laws is a source of constant inconvenience to policyholders and companies alike, and no law short of a Federal law would achieve the objects which the Life Offices' Association and the actuarial profession aim at when they appeal for legislation to ensure effective supervision.

Equitable Life Shows Gains

M. L. SMITH, general manager of the Equitable Life, Waterloo, reports the company's new settled business for the first 9 months of this year as 20 per cent ahead of 1938. Business during the last quarter has been particularly good, and in September new written business was double that of last September's.

Inquiries

Editor, Concerning Insurance:

Can you tell me about how many people are drawing old age pensions from the government in the Province of Ontario, and what the total amount is for a given year? Who puts up the money—the Dominion or the province?

—L. M. C., Peterborough, Ont.

During the fiscal year ended March 31, 1938, there were 57,530 persons drawing government old age pensions in the Province of Ontario, according to the report of the Ontario Old Age Pension Commission. There was



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ABSOLUTE SECURITY

W. R. HOUGHTON, MANAGER

an increase of 1,580 in the number of pensioners in the twelve months. The total amount expended during the year on old age pensions was \$12,484,279.15. Of this sum the Province of Ontario contributed twenty-five per cent., while the Dominion contributed seventy-five per cent.

Editor, Concerning Insurance:

Is the Tokio Marine and Fire Insurance Company regularly licensed in this country, and has it a government

deposit here for the protection of Canadian policyholders? Any information you can give me in this connection will be appreciated.

—J. G., Kingston, Ont.

Tokio Marine and Fire Insurance Company, Limited, with head office at Tokyo, Japan, and Canadian head office at Montreal, was incorporated in 1879, and has been doing business in Canada under Dominion registry since 1920. It is regularly licensed in this country, and has a deposit with

the Government at Ottawa of \$125,640, in Dominion of Canada bonds and Canadian National Railway Co. guaranteed bonds, for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively.

At the end of 1938 its total assets in Canada were \$298,584.99, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to \$33,579.12, showing a surplus here of \$264,905.87. In relation to the volume of business transacted, the financial position of the company in Canada is a very strong one. All claims are readily collectable.

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Established	Assets
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1925 FEDERAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY	1,021,751.
1911 CONSOLIDATED FIRE & CASUALTY INS. CO.	856,437.
1910 MERCHANTS FIRE ASSURANCE CORP.	17,070,980.
1851 PACIFIC FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY	7,912,269.
1918 BANKERS & SHIPPERS INSURANCE CO.	6,917,632.
1910 JERSEY INSURANCE COMPANY	4,415,013.
1865 MILLERS NATIONAL INSURANCE CO.	6,684,478.
1873 LUMBERMEN'S INSURANCE COMPANY	4,969,546.
1835 STANSTEAD & SHERBROOKE FIRE INS. CO.	1,354,528.
1911 AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO.	22,753,338.

Toronto General Agents

1839 GORE DISTRICT FIRE INSURANCE CO.	2,508,229.
1863 PERTH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY	1,789,654.
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Co-operation And The Grain Trade

(Continued from Page 11)

their exchange desk and two members of the staff are sitting in chairs with their backs to the board and their feet upon other chairs. They have not been allowed to stay in bed but they sleep here as nearly as they can.

"Well, here's broker Bowling. 'What's doing, Bowling?' 'Not a thing. I'll play you one game for breakfast.' 'Sorry, but I can't play now.' (For the moment we are journalists seeking evidence of co-operation and cannot spare the time for a frivolous game of dominoes).

We look out of the window to the waterfront. The ships lie quietly idle at the wharves waiting for longshoremen to wake them up. The mountains are still quiet and there is no Rugg or anyone else anxious about the rise or fall of the market. The Exchange, the waterfront and the mountains are all equally quiet. Co-operation must be very subtle, surely, where there is no action. Perhaps it is.

Everything is Quiet

Let us get some breakfast. The cafe is brighter this morning and no one appears preoccupied. Lots of talk and laughter—chaffing of the waitresses and of one another. If preferred, tables can be found where foreign news or philosophy is being discussed.

Come and sit by Fish to whom we talked on our last visit. "How's trade, Fish?" "Rotten!" Follows a disquisition by Fish upon the futility of the grain trade and the desirability of a quiet place in the country where one can subsist so happily upon very little and "get away from all this botheration about nothing!" Is this co-operation? Please wait.

Yes, Mr. Farmer, if you read this, a quite usual ambition of City dwellers is a quiet place in the country. This seems reasonable and natural, not only for vacations when the city dwellers like a spell of the country and the country dweller likes a spell of the city, but in larger and more radical changes over wider periods.

Our generation has witnessed a flow from the country to the cities—the organs of world life and co-operation—but the ebb or circulation of life promises to take us back to the country.

And what about the Grain Trade and Co-operation? Have we strayed from our subject?

We have glanced at the growth during the last fifty years of co-operative consumers and amalgamated millers in our principal market. We recalled the quick rise and fall of Canadian co-operative producers and the more or less forced interference of the government.

Low Market is Test

Now the Canadian grain trade is in a bad and confused state. The principal trouble is a low market. Undoubtedly a strong market would dispel our gloom. However, a low market is a test of endurance and economic efficiency and a promoter of the latter when government does not interfere. The sympathy which encourages production upon unprofitable lands or under adverse conditions is not ultimately wise or helpful.

There is in this generation much talk of co-operation. There are the co-operative societies representing the consumers' interests. There are producer co-operatives in different trades. There are amalgamated industrial concerns. There are shipping combines. All these are co-operative truly enough in that they are individuals working together in their particular class interest.

Where and how are all these varied interests best brought to work with one another?

They work best with one another in organizations which do not go by the name of co-operatives but are the promoters of a wider and truer co-operation than that of individuals all of one class or interest. We speak of the Merchants' Exchanges, Chambers of Commerce, Grain Exchanges, Producer Exchanges, Boards of Trade and all such active centres of trade and free markets throughout the world.

Free Association

On these Exchanges representatives of consumers, producers, shipowners, importers, exporters, manufacturers, distributors and brokers associate daily. They live together and work in competition and for opposing interests. They eat together they play together; they growl and strive with one another.

The influence that keeps them together is not that of a common class interest, but the desire or instinct to bring together in close association varied interests and to promote active, informed and ethical trading.

Does this sound too idealistic to be true? Does some reader say, or think "an exchange is a place where every member works for his own hand and 'the devil take the hindmost'?" He is right. Nevertheless, informed activity, intercourse, harmonization of diverse interests, are all promoted on ethical and economic lines and a certain human fellowship is maintained.

These institutions are democracies in *parvo*—wonderful human machines? No, not machines, but voluntary human organizations, where Nature rules, develops human collectivity and fashions "Man" from men. These men are not conscripted, nor are they governed by super-men. They initiate and adopt their own rules to promote ethical trading between members without favor to any one interest.

Their form of co-operation is not helped by government edicts, supermen or suppression of individuality. Force is not used. Differences are arbitrated. Repudiation of word or contract is not tolerated.

There is more honor and social integration in these organizations than in many professing more spiritual aims.

One is inclined to believe that "as go the Exchanges so goes Civilization"—they rise and fall with civilization.

Centres of Democracy

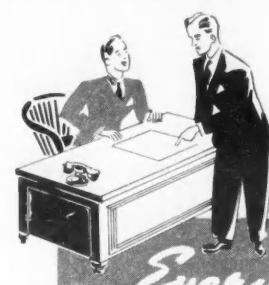
It is not true, as farmers, oppressed by low prices and bad seasons, have been made to believe, that exchanges are organized for class purposes or Special interests. They are centres of true democracy where all interests may and do meet and trade together in a well informed and ethical manner.

Any rules or customs that are not fair can and will be changed upon well-founded complaint by any interest.

If there is any class that hurts the welfare of the producers it is not that of the middle-men. The most powerful class interest is that of the organized consumer and even that class cannot dictate except supply is greater than the consumer's requirements. If we can reverse the growing tendency towards self-sufficiency and encourage free trade, world co-operation and intercourse, we shall reduce war activities and war spirit and replace them, perhaps not with bounding prosperity, but with a period of peace that the world seems badly to need for recuperation and true welfare.

POTATO MARKETS

The bulk of the Canadian potato crop is consumed in Canada. At the same time, both seed and table stock are exported, the former largely to the United States and Cuba, and in recent years to the Argentine. Export table stock goes principally to the British West Indies. In addition to domestic and export shipments, a quantity of Canadian potatoes is sold to starch factories, the volume being determined mainly by price levels.



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"Cash and Carry"

(Continued from Page 11)

to advocate the buying of gold shares although, in their present unpopularity, I consider them probably the safest thing to buy. My complaint is against the way the pro-Ally cause is functioning in the United States. My complaint is against the money-conscious mentality of the United States which transforms all human joys and sorrows into bull and bear markets. Or rather, *vice versa*, as in this case it is the sorrows which have been transformed into a bull market.

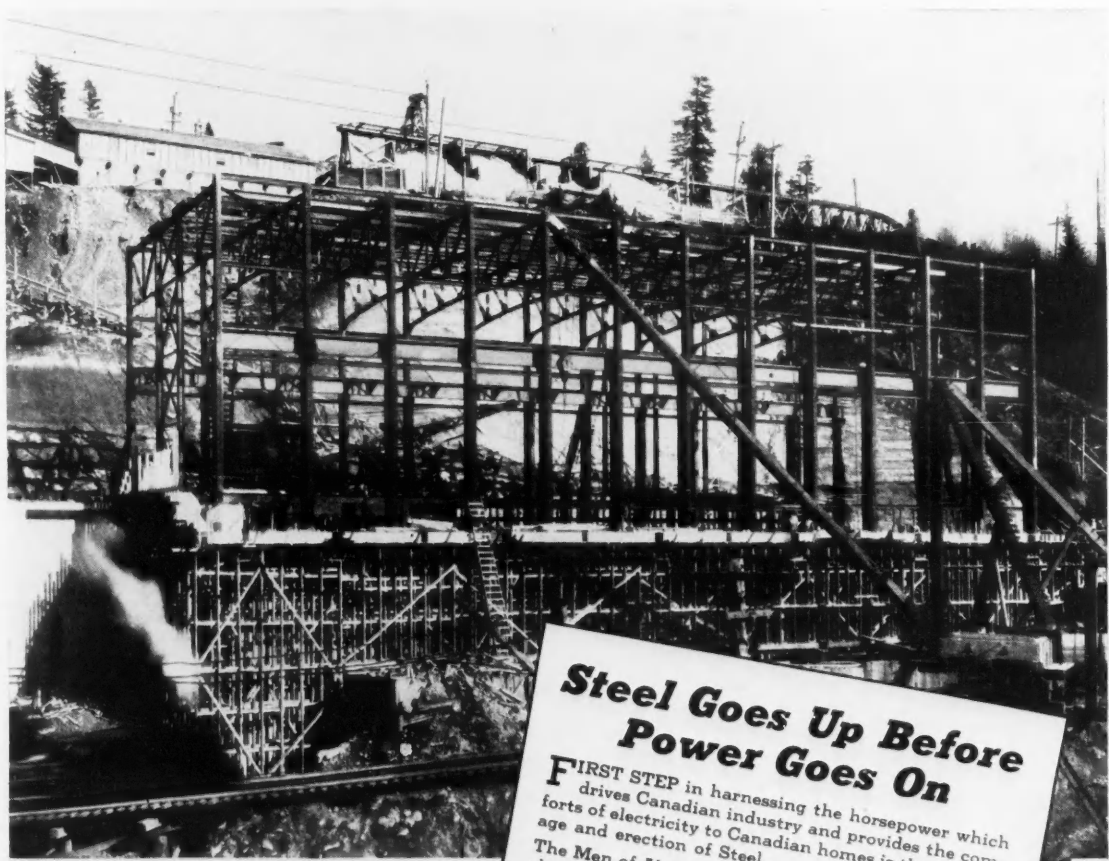
And my complaint, on purely materialistic grounds, is that the war boom on the New York Stock Exchange is a very unintelligent thing. At the best—and by that I mean if the theory on which the boom is based, large purchases by England and France, is sound—the boom has a depth charge with a time-clock underneath it. And at the worst, if the theory is not sound, the market will race back as soon as the mad rush to buy everything from sugar to steel, which started September 4, peters out and a badly over-inventoried position is revealed. Then, as on Black Thursday, 1929, the speculators will be nipped in a flood of "sell at market" orders.

Hopes May Be Dashed

But meantime the removal of the arms embargo, on a "Cash and carry" basis, will probably pass the Congress. It may have passed before this article appears in print. But it is quite doubtful if the Allies will use the United States as a base of supplies to anything like the extent that the "Cash and carry" boys think they will. Great Britain will use the Dominions and the colonies, with their cheaper money, to the fullest possible extent rather than the United States, and unless we are in for not only another very long war but also another very extravagant one, the American manufacturers may have their hopes dashed.

It should be borne in mind that this war might still be a much shorter one than the last, and even if it should turn out otherwise, this war might still be fought on a mutual-fear basis of comparative inactivity, much different from the day of Vimy and Verdun.

These last thoughts, I admit, are wishful thinking, and meantime the market roars on. But in the not-far-distant future I believe that another awful day of reckoning lies ahead of the sheep-like stock speculators of the United States. In which event the Exchange Control restrictions which prevent Canadians from getting their feet mired in the ugly slush of Wall Street may prove to be not only a patriotic but also a personal benefit.



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Dividend Notices

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 211

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1939 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Wednesday, 1st November next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th September 1939. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

A. E. ARSCOTT,
General Manager.

Toronto, 22nd September 1939.

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J. F. Fay.....Circulation Manager

Vol. 54, No. 50 Whole No. 2430

OIL

BY T. E. KEYES

The Ontario Securities Commission has recently been chastised rather severely by Mr. Sidney Norman, Mining Editor of the *Globe and Mail*, for not permitting the sale of securities known as Oil Royalties in Ontario. This question of allowing the sale of Oil Royalties (particularly Turner Valley Oil Royalties) has been before the securities commissioners of the various provinces for over two years.

At a meeting of the commissioners of nearly all provinces, held about March, 1937, the matter was discussed and, I am told, all commissioners agreed that the returns for at least several months (and some suggested up to two years, or as long a period as was required to return the original invested capital) should be considered as a return of capital and not dividends—which is also my personal opinion.

In view of this decision, I am told that some provinces, including Ontario and Quebec, partly because of past experiences with U.S. Royalties (where monthly payments were represented as dividends instead of return of capital, and where royalty payments stopped after a short time) decided that under no consideration would they permit the sale of Oil Royalties.

While I have never agreed with that view, and have pointed out in this column that certain types of Royalty are the best possible oil security obtainable, I think that Mr. Norman's comment on the Ontario Securities Commission, under date of September 28, is too severe.

I can see the need of reasonably rigid supervision over the type of security offered, the offering price, and unscrupulous salesmen and operators. In fact, just the other day I had a business man from another province tell me that he had bought some royalties because Turner Valley wells would last for 20 years, and that our Royal Commission, after listening to expert evidence, had come to that conclusion.

The point that apparently this man either overlooked, or had not been told, was that production from these wells falls off each year (and in some cases each month) and it is only a matter of time until they are on pump, which will increase production costs and reduce royalty payments.

Generally speaking, the public and most brokers have had no experience with oil royalties, and sharp deals could easily be put over if there were no regulations.

The result of the 1937 meeting of securities commissioners was that some provinces permitted the sale of oil royalties in their provinces under very strict regulations. For instance, the seller, whether he be broker or private individual, had to fill out a couple of forms giving the buyer complete information. While I have not the forms before me, here are approximately the requirements:

If the royalty or security covered the gross or net production, say from one or more producing wells, this information must be given the purchaser, also the length of time on production, total production to approximate date, and production and money paid for three months previous to sale. The form also asked the approximate original offering price and purchase price paid by present owner. In the case of a broker, he had to give the name of the owner and the owner's offering price.

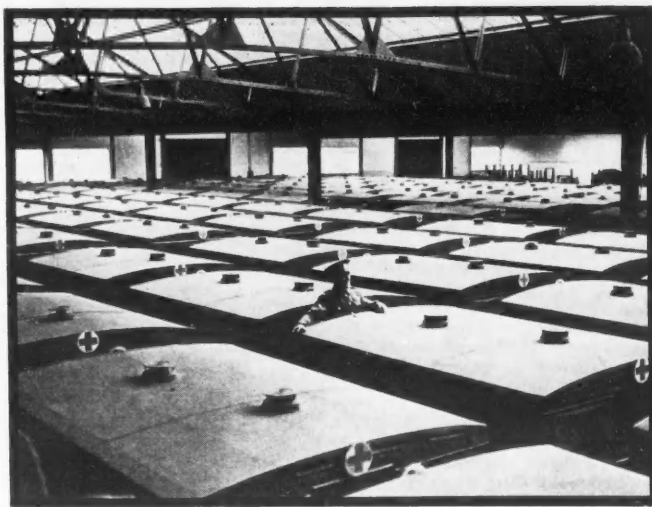
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CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD



Laroy A. Lincoln
PRESIDENT

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE
OTTAWA

SATURDAY NIGHT

PEOPLE

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TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER 14, 1939

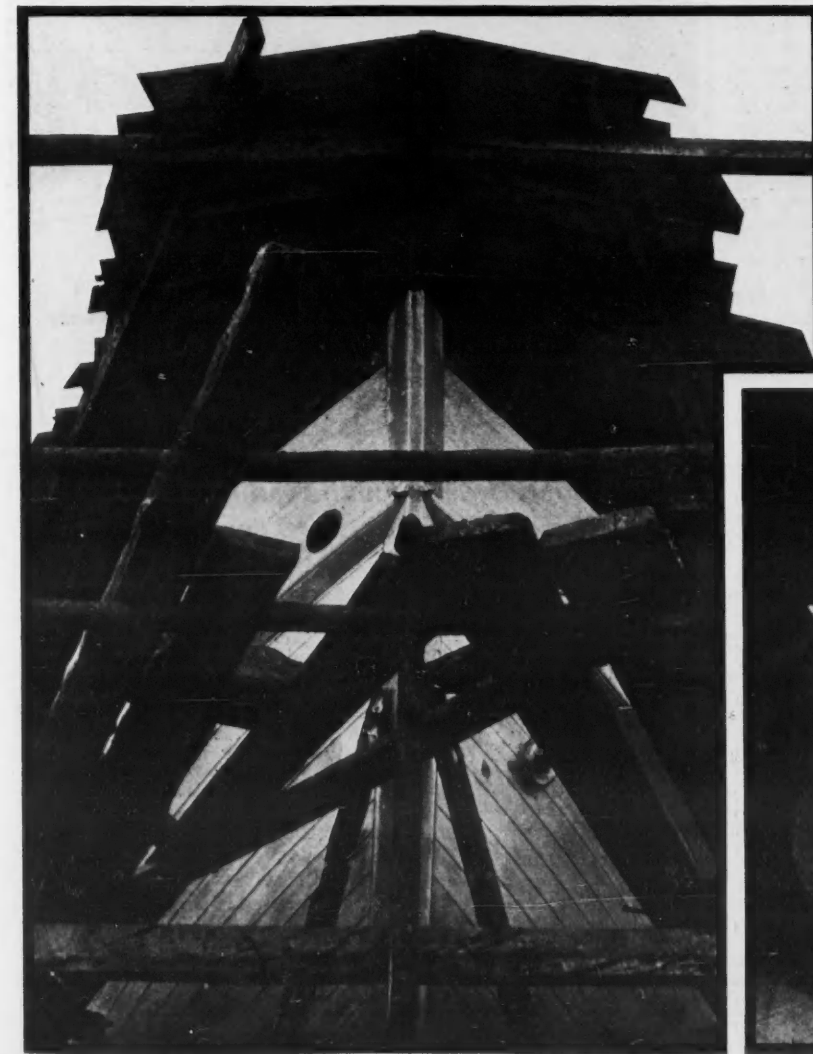
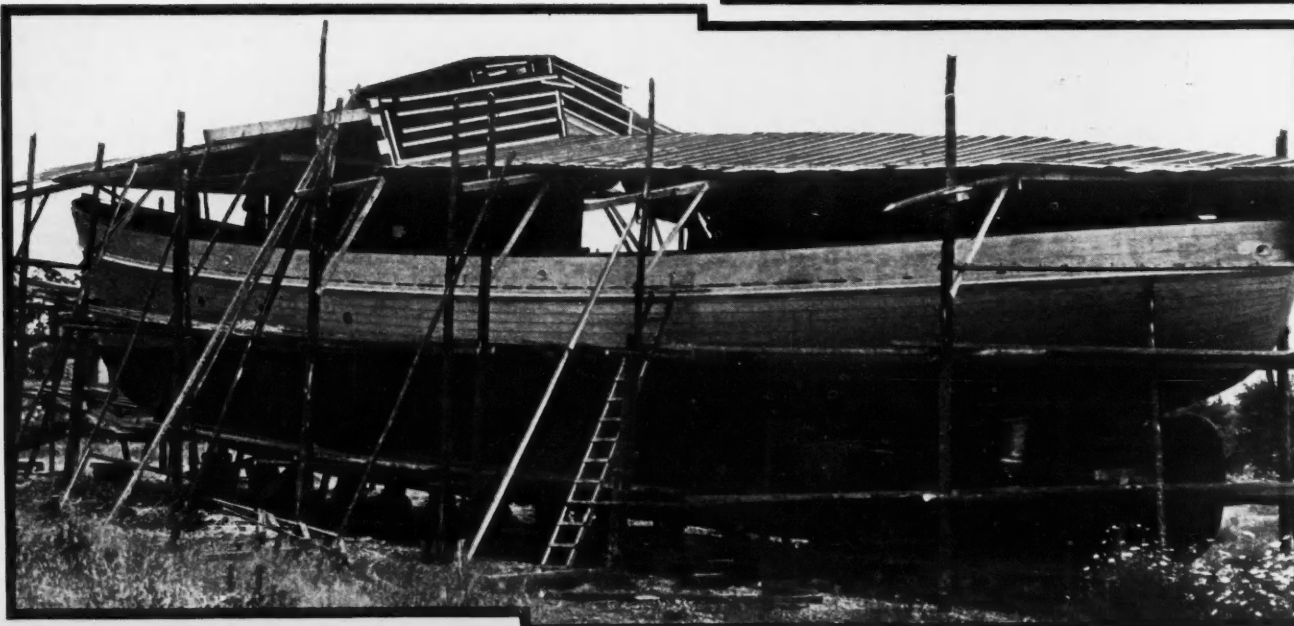
Canada's Skilled Shipbuilders Ready To Aid In Defence



THE FINEST SHIPS IN THE WORLD are still built down by the sea in Canada's Maritime Provinces and typical of the men and their products are the scenes on this page, photographed at Shelburne, Nova Scotia. Should defence craft of the highest quality be required, the Maritimers are fully prepared to build them. TOP left, matured white oak logs, teakwood and Oregon pine spars are the raw material. A log on its way to the planing mill. Right, these experts "run a log through" to make a bed for the ship's motors. SECOND ROW, left, a fitting for the ship takes its shape under the skillful guidance of the sawyer. Right, direct from the iron the workmen fashion the bolts; a rod being cut into proper lengths. IMMEDIATELY BELOW, in its last stages "Job No. 50" is almost ready to shed its covering and slip into the waters of the Atlantic. BOTTOM ROW, left, a worm's eye view of the latest Shelburne creation, rising under a canopy of scaffolding. Centre, a 74-year-old craftsman and his helper work on a stemhead. Right, even in an age of mechanization handicraft is more important than machine work in the finishing of ships.

—Photos by "Jay".

(See Story on Page 20)



Manufacturing Superintendent

Young man 5 years superintendent of factory employing 25 men, good education, experience in cost accounting would like change.

Interested in job supervising small manufacturing plant or department in large plant, cost accounting job with opportunities for advancement, or private secretary to manufacturing executive. Box No. 105, Saturday Night, Toronto.

Dividend Notices**THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE**

DIVIDEND NO. 211

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1939 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Wednesday, 1st November next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th September 1939. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

A. E. ARSCOTT,
General Manager.

Toronto, 22nd September 1939

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Stay Warm
in
Winter
and
SAVE
FUEL!

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Reg'd

See your architect or building contractor about Spun Rock Wool. This super-springy insulation, in bulk form, never settles in the walls. There are no gaps to let in the cold — your home stays at an equable temperature and needs less fuel to heat it in winter. Sound-proof, fire and vermin-proof and long-lasting.

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THOROLD, ONT.Distributor for Eastern Canada
F. S. BRIDGES, LTD., TORONTO 5

A finely balanced blending of top grade HAVANA FILLER!

B&H INVINCIBLES
A BENSON & HEDGES Value

15¢
Also Cigars, Pipes

The GREATEST NAME IN CIGARS SINCE 1873

SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY

Established A.D. 1887

BERNARD E. SANDWELL, Editor
N. McHARDY, Advertising Manager

Subscriptions for delivery in Canada and all parts of the British Empire, \$3.00 per annum. Subscriptions for all other countries, \$4.00 per annum. Single Copies 10 cts.

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J. F. Fay.....Circulation Manager

Vol. 54, No. 50 Whole No. 2430

OIL

BY T. E. KEYES

The Ontario Securities Commission has recently been chastised rather severely by Mr. Sidney Norman, Mining Editor of the *Globe and Mail*, for not permitting the sale of securities known as Oil Royalties in Ontario. This question of allowing the sale of Oil Royalties (particularly Turner Valley Oil Royalties) has been before the securities commissioners of the various provinces for over two years.

At a meeting of the commissioners of nearly all provinces, held about March, 1937, the matter was discussed and, I am told, all commissioners agreed that the returns for at least several months (and some suggested up to two years, or as long a period as was required to return the original invested capital) should be considered as a return of capital and not dividends — which is also my personal opinion.

In view of this decision, I am told that some provinces, including Ontario and Quebec, partly because of past experiences with U.S. Royalties (where monthly payments were represented as dividends instead of return of capital, and where royalty payments stopped after a short time) decided that under no consideration would they permit the sale of Oil Royalties.

While I have never agreed with that view, and have pointed out in this column that certain types of Royalty are the best possible oil security obtainable, I think that Mr. Norman's comment on the Ontario Securities Commission, under date of September 28, is too severe.

I can see the need of reasonably rigid supervision over the type of security offered, the offering price, and unscrupulous salesmen and operators. In fact, just the other day I had a business man from another province tell me that he had bought some royalties because Turner Valley wells would last for 20 years, and that our Royal Commission, after listening to expert evidence, had come to that conclusion.

The point that apparently this man either overlooked, or had not been told, was that production from these wells falls off each year (and in some cases each month) and it is only a matter of time until they are on pump, which will increase production costs and reduce royalty payments.

Generally speaking, the public and most brokers have had no experience with oil royalties, and sharp deals could easily be put over if there were no regulations.

The result of the 1937 meeting of securities commissioners was that some provinces permitted the sale of oil royalties in their provinces under very strict regulations. For instance, the seller, whether he be broker or private individual, had to fill out a couple of forms giving the buyer complete information. While I have not the forms before me, here are approximately the requirements:

If the royalty or security covered the gross or net production, say from one or more producing wells, this information must be given the purchaser, also the length of time on production, total production to approximate date, and production and money paid for three months previous to sale. The form also asked the approximate original offering price and purchase price paid by present owner. In the case of a broker, he had to give the name of the owner and the owner's offering price.

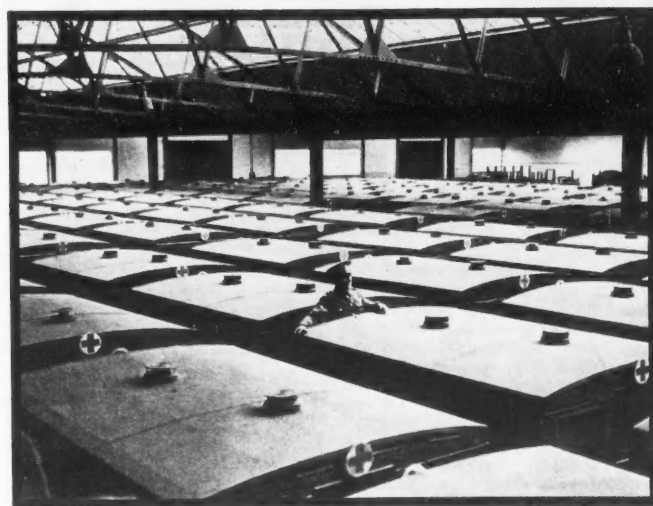
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top of the lower lime porous horizon, and drilling may be completed by this weekend. The well is located midway between the Home-Millerville and Vulcan Brown producers, and will either help to prove or disprove this area.

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NEW YORK

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CHAIRMAN
OF THE BOARDLeroy A. Lincoln
PRESIDENTCANADIAN HEAD OFFICE
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SATURDAY NIGHT

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TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER 14, 1939

Canada's Skilled Shipbuilders Ready To Aid In Defence

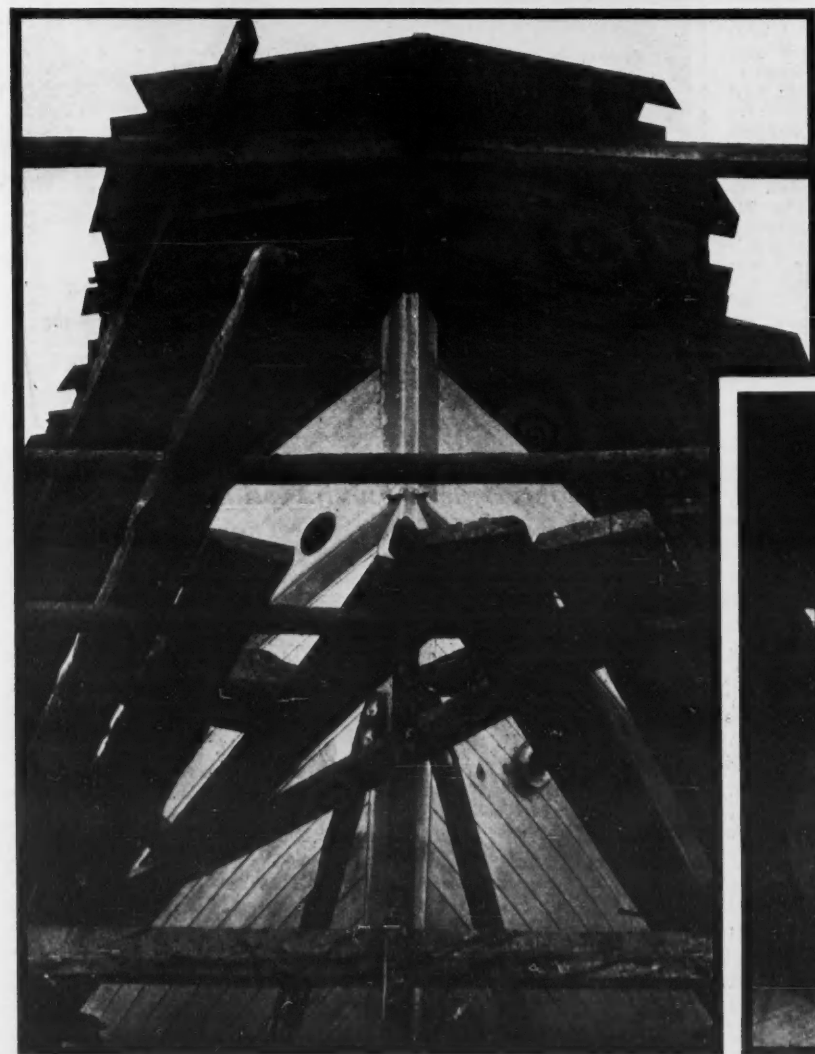
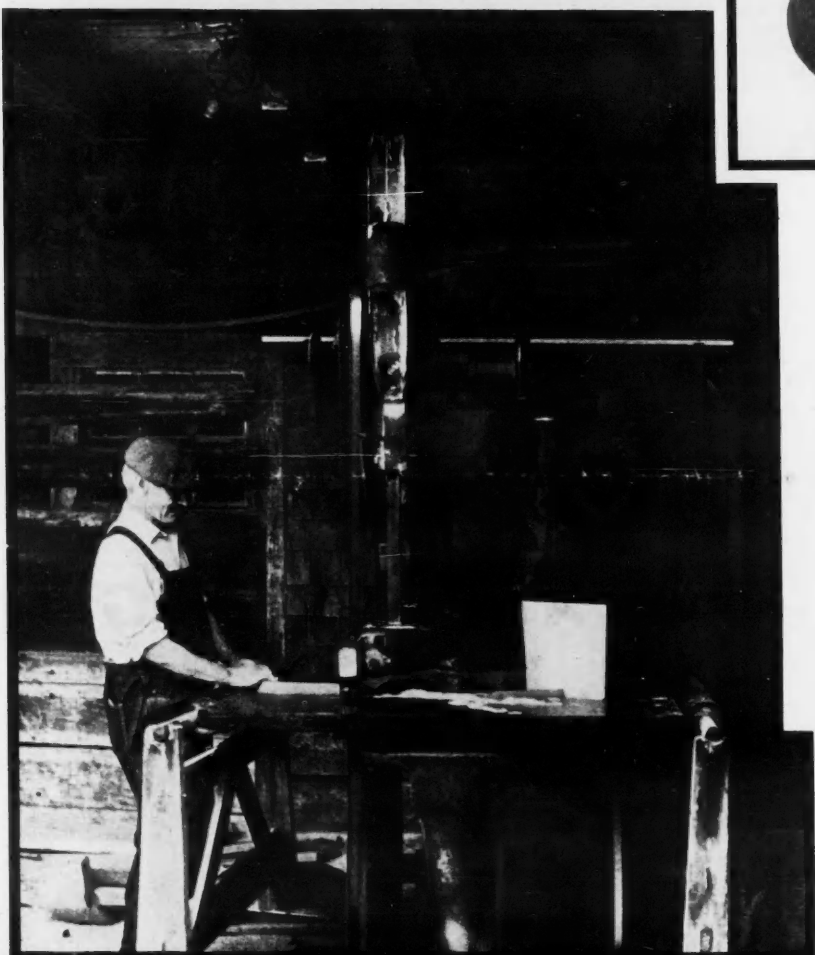


SHELBURNE SHIPBUILDERS LIMITED

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—Photos by "Jay".

(See Story on Page 20)





SILVO
the
SAFE SILVER POLISH

So gentle with the precious surface, so careful of the loveliness it restores and retains. The kindly touch of Silvo keeps your silver always new.

Beautiful Enchantress pattern by International Silver Co. who recommend regular use of Silvo for your silverware.

SILVO
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

Good Advice for Constipation!

A doctor will tell you that the best thing to do in case of sickness is to find the cause. If you are constipated, don't be satisfied with temporary remedies. Find the cause of the ailment! It would be easy if your diet, like that of most people, is unbalanced—no doubt, it lacks "bulk." And "bulk" doesn't mean quantity, but the kind of food that does not completely assimilate and leaves a soft "mush" in the bowels that helps the bowel to move. If that is what is lacking, the solution is to eat Kellogg's All-Bran, crisp and tasty, for breakfast. It helps form the "bulk" and contains Vitamin B₁, the natural intestinal tonic. Eat some All-Bran every day, drink lots of water and become "regular"! Made in London, Canada, by Kellogg. At all grocers.

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OPENING CONCERT
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Metropolitan Mezzo-Soprano
Thurs. and Sat. Eves.,
Oct. 19th and 21st
at 8:45 p.m.
Good seats available
Series subscriptions still accepted
TELEPHONE—TR. 1144

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TORONTO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
SIR ERNEST MacMILLAN, Conductor
TEN TUESDAY CONCERTS
OPENING CONCERT — OCTOBER 24TH
GUEST ARTIST **ERNEST SEITZ** PIANIST
Overture Coriolan Beethoven
Symphony No. 3 in E flat (Eroica) Beethoven
Concerto No. 1 in E minor Chopin
"Military" Polonaise in A Chopin
SUBSCRIBE NOW AND SAVE 20% OF REGULAR BOX OFFICE PRICES
Subscription Prices (Ten Concerts)—\$4, \$6, \$8, \$12, \$16, \$20
Individual Concerts—50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50
Box Office Sale Opens Thursday, October 19th, for Opening Concert.
Good Seats At All Prices
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ROYAL ALEXANDRA
Week Beginning **MON., OCT. 16**
Matinee Wed. & Sat.
Under the Auspices of the **BRITISH COUNCIL**
Patron: H.M. The King
Barry Jones
MAURICE COLBOURNE'S
CHARLES THE KING
WITH JESSICA TANDY
AND A CAST OF 52!
EVEN.: \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50; WED. MAT.: 50c to \$1.50; SAT. MAT.: 50c to \$2.
Box Office Open Daily 10 am to 6 pm

MUSICAL EVENTS

Gambarelli Is Great Dancer

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

ANOTHER brilliant young dancer, Maria Gambarelli, was guest artist with the Promenade Symphony Orchestra in Varsity Arena last week. As a child she was a protégée of Anna Pavlova and entered the ballet of the Metropolitan Opera House, where she is now premiere danseuse. A pupil of Fokine, she has aroused enthusiasm not only in America but in Europe. A tall, blond, lissome girl, exquisitely agile and graceful, she is not only a brilliant dancer but a capital mime, endowed with a sense of humor. She was less impressive in traditional ballet numbers like "The Swan" and an episode from Delibes' "Coppelia" than in more original studies which enabled her to show her mimetic powers. Her use of her arms is extraordinarily graceful and she even seems to make music with her lovely fingers. Most entrancing of all her offerings was "Javanese Porcelain" to music by the aged American composer, Edgar Stillman Kelley, in which the beauty of her Oriental poses was unforgettable. Delightful also was "Gay Nineties" with music by Victor Herbert, in which she was a fluttering maiden, simulating a bicycle ride, a croquet game and a host of other diversions. Her technical expertness was demonstrated in an interpretation of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," presented as a Bacchanale. The whirling dance with which it concluded was amazing and thrilling in wild abandon and she quite justifiably refused to repeat so supremely difficult a feat.

Between her numbers Mr. Stewart playing appropriately diverting items. A novelty was "Hora Staccato" by the young Roumanian, Dinicu, a most captivating work when played with the proper fire and animation, unfortunately lacking on this occasion. Among several numbers of hard-boiled popularity was a revival of Emil Waldteufel's "Skaters' Waltz," to which many grandfathers and grandmothers of today did their courting. Waldteufel, an Alsatian educated in Paris, rose from a job in a piano factory to be director of dancing at the court of Emperor Napoleon III and was a special favorite of Empress Eugenie. Born in 1837 he outlived the fall of the Empire by 45 years and in his lifetime composed 250 waltzes of which that rendered by Mr. Stewart is typical.

The only serious work on the program was Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique Symphony," admirably rendered. The playing of the stirring march theme of the third movement was magnificent. The final movement, in which the banshee comes back, was finely done, with an exquisitely refined and gentle pianissimo at the end. Once again Massey Hall opened its season with the Don Cossack Choir, which has enjoyed unceasing favor throughout Canada for at least a decade. It is still a glorious body of voices, beautifully blended, and sings with unapproachable fire and delicacy of shading. Its attack gives every listener an immediate thrill. The variety of its programs, military, religious, and in the case of folk songs, jocund, relieves its singing from all monotony even for those who do not understand the Russian tongue. Little



FOR THE NINTH SEASON Sir Ernest MacMillan will conduct the Toronto Symphony Orchestra when the 1939-40 inaugural concert will be held at Massey Hall on the night of October 24. After flying out to the Coast to conduct the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra in a gala concert in aid of the Canadian Red Cross, Sir Ernest returned to Toronto this week to commence rehearsals for the Toronto Orchestra's eighteenth season.

Serge Jaroff, the conductor, provides a piquant contrast to his platoon of great big choristers.

At the present time the genesis of the Don Cossack Choir is of historic interest. Jaroff was born a Cossack of the Don, where small men are curiosities, and it was because of his diminutive height that his parents decided to give him a musical education. He was trained in the Imperial School at St. Petersburg, but when the war broke out in 1914 became a lieutenant in a machine gun corps. After the Russian revolution in 1917 he threw in his lot with the Cossack forces of General Wrangel, who in the Crimea kept up the fight for the Romanoff régime until 1920. Then the Red Army defeated him and his soldiers became captives. It was while his members were prisoners that the Don Cossack choir was organized by Jaroff, and when at last freed, they set forth to conquer Europe and America in their own way.

Tschaikowsky Centenary

Soviet Russia celebrated the centenary of the birth of Modeste Mousorgsky last spring, and is preparing to celebrate next May that of Peter Ilyitch Tschaikowsky, which occurred on May 7, 1840. For sixty years he has been the most popular of all Russian composers in an international sense, and he was certainly the most versatile and prolific. As long ago as 1891 he conducted his own works in the United States. Strangely enough, though he died in 1893 a few months after the completion of the "Pathétique" Symphony, some of his works remain unpublished. The State Publishers of Music in Moscow have arranged to issue his complete works in thirty volumes, to be spread over a period of ten years. The first three volumes will, it is expected, be ready by next May, and two will be devoted to his songs, 104 in all. Many separate editions of the composer's works, including his three forgotten symphonies as well as his three immortal ones, will be published. Soviet writers and editors are also at work on a complete opus of his Life and Letters.

This summer's Music Festival at Munich concentrated on the works of Richard Strauss, a native son, who celebrated his 75th birthday last spring. A feature was a new creation of "Salome" by Hildegard Ranczak, based on a modern conception which owed something to Hollywood. The daughter of Herodias was interpreted, a la Carole Lombard as a spoiled and petulant lass, who because of her beauty had become accustomed to the fulfillment of her slightest whims.

The curator of the historic public library at Leningrad is a son of the composer, Rimsky-Korsakoff. All sorts of ancient treasures repose there, and recently the curator uncovered a treasure trove in the shape of two



ERNEST SEITZ, brilliant Canadian pianist who will be guest artist at the inaugural concert of the eighteenth season of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra at Massey Hall on the evening of October 24.



THE FIRST STEEPLE CHASE ON RECORD

A Famous Sporting Print by H. Alken

THIS print was published during the first year of the Grand National, 1839. According to The Sporting Record of January in that year, the impromptu race depicted above was run by moonlight and the "prescribed array" was "night-shirt overall." Since then, men and women of British birth have carried their love of steeplechasing with them across the Seven Seas. They have carried also their devotion to the fine flavour and fragrance of Wills' Gold Flake. For the English have an instinctive feeling both for a fine horse well ridden and for the "top grade" Virginia tobacco in Gold Flake Cigarettes.

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FILM PARADE

Death Up in the Apple Tree

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

MOVIE goers who aren't prepared for Death, in the form of Mr. Brink, are going to be a little bewildered by the goings on in "On Borrowed Time" this week, though people familiar with the novel or the play won't meet with any fresh surprises. This homely little fantasy, which deliberately sets out to be nothing very special, goes very well on the screen. The trick of keeping everything cosy, matter-of-fact and colloquial has been carefully imitated in the movie-version and all the original neat surprises are preserved. The best of these is, of course, Sir Cedric Hardwicke in the apple tree, settling down in the crotch of the tree and delivering abstractions on the after-life in tones of chilly culture, really more like a visiting English lecturer than a supernatural visitor. He seems very much at home in the situation; far happier as the fatal Mr. Brink in his apple tree than he was as the saintly Dr. Livingstone in his African bungalow. Apart from the finale, when the golden gates of Heaven open to receive Lionel Barrymore and little Bobs Watson, everything is sensible, easy-going and folksy. So much so that I felt a touch of the apocalyptic might have livened things up a little.

Mr. Brink incidentally was very busy on the screen this week. Up the street at "The Rains Came" he carried off a whole section of the native population and then came back for Myrna Loy. In "Lady of the Tropics" he bagged Joseph Schildkraut and Hedy Lamarr. Then in his Hardwicke incarnation he got Lionel Barrymore, Bobs Watson and Beulah Bondi. Nice going Mr. Brink.

Hard On Sinners

Hedy Lamarr and Joseph Schildkraut of course had been flirting with Mr. Brink from the start, living the kind of life they did in that fatal tropical port. The screen being what it is, the mortality rate is always highest among sinners, especially sinners in the Orient, with unsuccessful suitors the next in order. Joseph Schildkraut who came under both headings got it short and quick. Hedy Lamarr lingered on for a little and even seemed for a flicker to be on the point of recovery, though everyone knew she hadn't a chance. Robert Taylor, however, was an excellent risk, as a fine upstanding young American who never did anything worse than idle around on the yachts of the rich and skip his hotel bill. (Playboys, too bright for death, have the highest life-expectation of all.) But Myrna Loy who had been playing fast and loose right across India in "The Rains Came" was doomed from the start and felt the cold touch of Mr. Brink less than five minutes after taking that drink from the cholera-infected tumbler.

On the whole there wasn't a great deal to cheer us at the movies this week. I liked Hedy Lamarr's looks—who wouldn't?—and her Shangri-La costumes and her hats. And certainly Hedy and Robert Taylor together on the screen present just about the ultimate in photogenics in this world. But the effect, combined with the story, is completely stupefying in the end. It's like going under ether to soft music and colored lights. The two large beautiful heads kept coming together and separating and coming together again, and in between Joseph Schildkraut slipped softly in and out, murmuring malevolence; and there were temple celebrations in the background and one completely hashish vision with Hedy all in gold, with a gold minaret on her head, the priests bowing and chanting and Robert Taylor popping up in the background to say "Hello Fatima!" Even the double shooting at the end seemed remote and undisturbing. When I got up to leave at last I found that even my foot had gone to sleep and could hardly be roused, though I don't suppose that had anything to do with the picture. I mean not actually.

Little Miss Fixit

I'm sorry to have to report that Ginger Rogers' latest picture, "Fifth Avenue Girl" is 'way below standard. The story has to do with a wail who



MYRNA LOY, lovely M-G-M star seen recently in "The Rains Came" who is now working with William Powell in a new production "Another Thin Man".

gets among a lot of rich badly adjusted people and makes everybody happy, loving and successful. It sounds a good deal as though it had been written for Shirley Temple and then hastily adapted for Ginger Rogers. Obviously Ginger didn't take any too kindly to the role of Little Miss Fixit. She varies between chilly indifference to her sunny assignment, to downright crustiness. Walter Connolly is the lonely pump magnate who picks the wail up in Central Park and Veree Teasdale is the emotional wife. There's a play-boy son of course and a debutante daughter, along with a comedy butler, a class-conscious chauffeur, etc., all very much as usual. And they all live together in a Fifth Avenue house furnished in the style of the Radio City Music Hall lobby, only less restrained. There's a curious ineptness about it all rarely seen in a Ginger Rogers film. The younger supporting players particularly perform with that combination of bounce and self-consciousness that you usually find in church amateur dramatic groups. Perhaps Ginger had better go back to her dancing. She can't go wrong with that, no matter what the story's like.

COMING EVENTS

WITH two-thirds of the seating capacity of Massey Hall already sold out since the announcement of the 1939-40 Celebrity Concert Series, Jascha Heifetz, the world-famous violinist leads off what promises to be one of the most successful seasons since these series were first introduced.

On the night of November 1, Jascha Heifetz will make his first appearance in Toronto in three years and will not be heard in any other Canadian city this season. The other four artists in the series, all distinguished in their respective fields, include Muriel Dickson of the Metropolitan Opera Company; Vladimir Horowitz, firmly established as one of the great pianists of the age; Rose Bampton of the Metropolitan Opera and, incidentally, the wife of Dr. Wilfrid Pelletier, conductor of Les Concerts Symphoniques de Montreal; Nelson Eddy, star of the concert stage, opera, the films and radio.

Under the Celebrity Concert Series plan, theatre-goers acquiring season tickets are not only assured of the same seats for the hearing of these five outstanding artists but realize a substantial saving to the pocket-book rather than if the tickets were bought separately for each attraction.

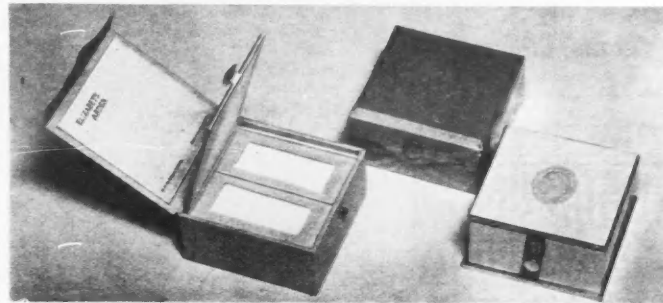


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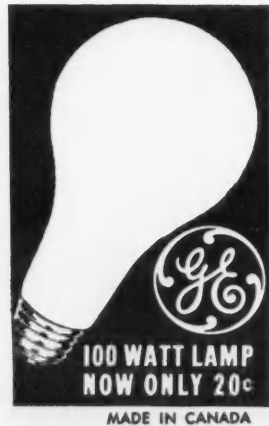
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Shipbuilders of Shelburne Are Ready

(See Pictures on Front Page of This Section)

BY KENNETH JOHNSTONE

WHEN Canada officially announced that a shipbuilding program was part of her war preparations, the country's attention was focused on a little-known but highly-skilled industry of which the average Canadian knows nothing. For we know we are grain-growers, we know we are gold-producers, cattle-raisers, pulp-makers, fishermen, but most of us are blissfully ignorant of our ability as shipbuilders.

Yet, down along the South Shore of Nova Scotia some of the world's finest craftsmen in certain types of shipbuilding are to be found. Superlatives like that need substantiation, and it was substantiation that we found in a recent visit to the little town of Shelburne, N.S.

For the stronghold of Nova Scotia's shipbuilders is Shelburne. Famed for its sea-worthy craft, it is the home of numerous builders, from the big fellows like Shelburne Shipbuilders to the man who makes the odd dory in his backyard to fill in the time between fishing seasons. And while shipbuilding throughout the South Shore has suffered badly, the builders of Shelburne have managed to survive and even make money in the leanest years, through the sheer worth and fame of their handiwork.

They Carry On

Take, for example, Shelburne Shipbuilders: Established some 25 years ago by key-men in the old McGill Company, famed for its craft through the trade, Shelburne Shipbuilders have turned out seaworthy vessels in fair weather and foul, at the rate of about two per year ever since they went into business. Until the new War situation arose, few orders had come through for fishing schooners to any builder. But Shelburne Shipbuilders have their order-files

filled with special craft, luxury vessels for the American trade, research vessels for various governments. For the fame of a Shelburne ship has spread across borders, and foreign buyers come here to place their orders, knowing that the vessel they obtain from Shelburne will equal or surpass any other vessel of similar type built anywhere else in the world.

On the slips at the Shelburne Shipbuilders today stands Job. No. 50. She is a peculiar piece of work, a "double-end" of great sturdiness, built to stand the tropical climate. Teakwood fillings and housings, whiteoak beams and frames from Maine, and planking and decking of Douglas Fir, she is built to look good and act better. Her canvas comes from Scotland, her chains, anchor, and blocks from England, and her electrical fittings are from the United States. She is powered by Diesel engines. One hundred feet long, twenty-one feet wide and nine feet draught, her two engines developing 300 horsepower should push her through the water at 15 knots. McInnis designed her, and she is built for an American client who will use her for the study of tropical sea-plants and marine life. Job. No. 50, nearly completed, is as yet unnamed.

Hulls of this type, steamer hulls, three masters, fishing schooners, motor frigates, and swank yachts are among the specialties of Shelburne Shipbuilders. They have turned out small fast motor freighters for rum runners and 60-footers for the R.C.M.P., to apprehend those rum-runners. Most famed of their craft are among the yachts, the sumptuous \$250,000 *Michigan*, the *Blue Dolphin*, the *Annapolis*, all well known to Atlantic yachting waters. Walter Molson's *Caprice* is a Shelburne vessel, and so is the *Seven Bells*, on which the Cook brothers sailed to England



THE 1940 CARS. Long, low, racy lines, spacious interiors conditioned for winter driving and an "Arrow Flight Ride" are the features of the new Nash. Above is one of 18 new models.

and wrote their book, "The Voyage of the Seven Bells."

"Wet Launches"

Hundred-footers like Job. No. 50 should take about 125 days to complete. The launching is always a great ceremony, and whether a bottle of champagne is broken over the bow or just a plain bottle of water, to the men who built the ship, it is always a "wet launch" for them. Once in the memory of some of the older citizens, there was a "dry launch." Not a drop flowed, but the parched workers had the satisfaction of seeing the hull stick on its way to the water. That awful lesson has prevented similar disasters since.

The men who make the craft are long-practised at their trade and long-living, too. Leander Nixon and Roland Cox are a couple of young whippersnappers of 74, and what they don't know about the carpentry of ship-building hasn't been discovered

yet. Then there is Urbane Spindell.

Urbane Spindell is just beginning to hit his stride, too. He is just 74, and he is the black-smith of Shelburne Shipbuilders. For 45 years he has been at the forge, joined his present employers when they started up. His ability to galvanize a metal sheet of practically any size in that tiny trough of his in the shop is a source of wonder to all who visit him. And no piece in the ship's fixtures, from the patent jibber to the stemhead is too complicated for the anvil and hammer of this master smith. Respected as a great craftsman by his fellow-workers and his employers, Urbane Spindell has also been honored by his fellow-citizens by being elected on two occasions to the post of Mayor of Shelburne. As solid and as sound as the metal he handled, Urbane symbolizes perfectly the ships that he helps build.

A Sound Pride

Shelburne Shipbuilders have no monopoly on the building or the talent to build that has made their town famous and has gradually brought it back from the ruined and abandoned site that it once was. For Shelburne, which once was a town of ten thousand, dwarfing even Halifax, saw its population drop to less than four hundred within twenty years, remained in a stagnant state for many years until shipbuilding put it on the map again. And along with Shelburne Shipbuilders, are MacKays, who build motor freighters, schooners and R.C.M.P. 60-footers; MacAlpines, who build small craft and sloops; Eastern Shipbuilders who build anything from 100-footers to launches and small craft. Besides these companies are the hundreds of individual skilled dory-builders, who make their craft in their own backyards. A not-uncommon sight is a car-load of whale-boats, dories, or life-boats on the railway siding destined for British Columbia, or perhaps for Newfoundland.

Shelburne prides itself on being able to turn out any kind of a wooden vessel or hull, completely fitting the ship, right down to the last sail, chain, and anchor, "ready for sea," and if required, can supply the captain and crew to sail the vessel to any destination in the world. At five minutes' notice a captain, and a first-class one at that, can be obtained. Pleasure yachts, tuna boats, motor freighters, schooners, it makes no difference, all can be built, equipped, fitted and crewed at the owner's request.

So we found and so we leave Shelburne, ship-building city, where pride in craftsmanship, pride in a reputation untarnished by any record of a Shelburne-built craft failing to measure up to their high standards—these things mean more than accumulated wealth, expensive motors, dividends, sky-scrapers. More concerned are the good folk of Shelburne in the career of any home-town boy who might make his name and fortune in "Upper Canada" or in the States. Ruskin, William Morris, this is your town.

TRAVELERS

Mr. Justice and Mrs. P. J. Montague have closed their summer house at the Lake of the Woods and returned to Winnipeg. They were accompanied by Mrs. Montague's mother, Mrs. D. H. Fletcher, of Hamilton, Ont., who will be their guest for the next few weeks.

Mrs. Robert Gill has returned to Ottawa from her summer house at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea. She was accompanied by her granddaughter, Miss Diana Gill, who had been visiting her for several weeks.

Mrs. C. Porteous has returned to her country house at St. Petronille, Island of Orleans, after visiting her daughter, Mrs. Paul Sise, of Montreal.

Announcements

MARRIAGES

DUNDAS-WALLACE — The marriage of Catherine Sanderson, youngest daughter of the late John Wallace of Edinburgh, Scotland, and Mrs. M. C. Wallace, 43 Mandray Court, Port Arthur, Ont., to Hugh McKenzie Dundas, eldest son of Hon. R. S. Dundas and Mrs. Dundas, University Drive, Saskatoon, grandson of the 6th Viscount Melville of Melville Castle, Lasswade, Midlothian, Scotland, was solemnized at St. Stephens-Broadway, Winnipeg, Man., on Friday, September 29th, at 5:00 p.m., by Rev. Harold Frame. Mr. and Mrs. Dundas will reside in Port Arthur.

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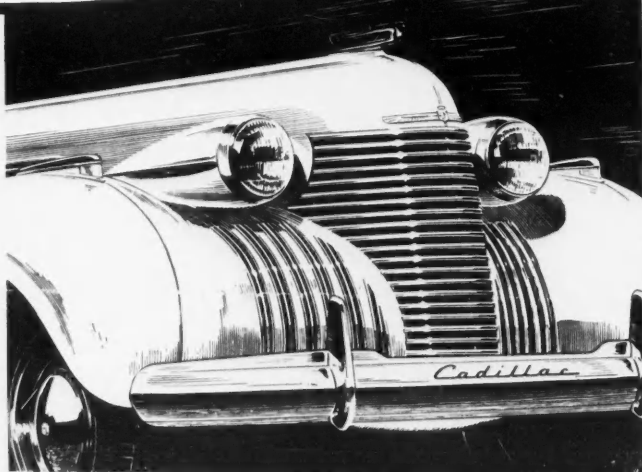
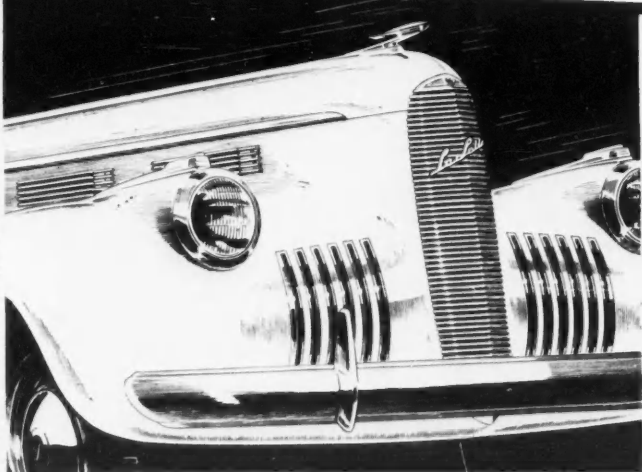
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luxury, comfort, safety, and performance. You'll see, in short, the leader in every price-group above fifteen hundred dollars, because these seven new cars give Cadillac complete dominance of the quality field. That is an all too brief picture of the Cadillac presentation for 1940. It merely suggests the tremendous progress these cars represent. It leaves out entirely any discussion of the new ride, the new ease of control, and of the mighty new Cadillac V-8 engines which power them all. It does so deliberately, because only a look and a ride can demonstrate the true greatness of these cars. Why not make a personal investigation—today?

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AMONG THOSE PRESENT

BY BERNICE COFFEY

HER Excellency the Lady Tweedsmuir will honor with her presence and will address the members at the luncheon being held by the Municipal Chapter, Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, on Saturday, October 14, at one o'clock at the Mount Royal Hotel, Montreal.

Seated at the head table with Her Excellency and her lady-in-waiting, will be Mrs. Norman Holland, president of the Provincial Chapter, I.O.D.E., and the honorary officers of the Chapter, Lady Drummond, Mrs. Duncan Anderson and Mrs. D. B. Seely. Mrs. A. T. Stikeman, the regent, will preside. Others at the head table will be the members of the executive: Mrs. Gordon Hyde, Mrs. Victor Whitehead, Miss Mae Barwick, Mrs. R. R. De Long, Mrs. G. H. Cornell, Mrs. H. V. Driver, Mrs. L. B. Stilwell and Mrs. Paul McFarlane.

In Victoria

The wedding of Miss Jean Moncrieff of Winnipeg to Surgeon-Lieut. Edward Sellers, R.C.N., also of Winnipeg, took place at Christchurch Cathedral, Victoria, on October 9. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the Empress Hotel. Miss Moncrieff flew west a week before the wedding date, leaving Winnipeg in the early morning and arriving in Victoria in the afternoon, to await Lieut. Sellers' shore leave. The parents of both, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Moncrieff and Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Sellers, flew from Winnipeg to attend the wedding.

Also from Winnipeg is Mrs. F. Kelly—in Victoria to join her husband, Lieut.-Commander Fraser Kelly, R.C.N.V.R., who arrived there for



MISS BETTY MOODY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Moody of Toronto, whose marriage to Mr. Jardine Lawason, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilkie Lawason of Hamilton, took place in Grace Church-on-the-Hill, Toronto, on October 14th.

duty several weeks ago. Mrs. Kelly is accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Stephen Morris, wife of captain S. E. E. Morris, R.C.H.A., who recently returned after two years in England. On Saturday at the cocktail hour they were entertained by Major and Mrs. Henry L. Sherwood at Workpoint Barracks where the Army and Navy mingled. Before her marriage Mrs. Sherwood was Miss Iso Woodman of Winnipeg. Major Sherwood is commanding officer of the R.C.E.

Colonel D. G. L. Cunningham, M.P., and Mrs. Cunningham have arrived from Calgary to attend the wedding of their son, Lieut. Douglas Cunning-

ton, R.C.E., and Miss Ivy Brown. The Colonel took the Hon. R. B. Bennett's seat by acclamation when the latter went to England.

Open Musical Season

The Women's Musical Club of Toronto will sponsor Ossip Renardy, young Viennese violinist, at its opening concert on Tuesday, October 17, at 3 p.m., at Hart House Theatre, Toronto. This will begin a season of five such musical events of which one will be an open concert in aid of the Red Cross on November 13 at Massey Hall. The Women's Musical Club hopes to function in a manner to be of service to the community for the duration of the war. During the last war the Club maintained a splendid record by materially contributing to the Red Cross and in providing through music the relaxation which is so much needed in such difficult times.

League in Action

As well as continuing its heavy programme of social service work, the Vancouver Junior League has aligned itself with other women's organizations in the city who are offering their full strength to voluntary service. Provisional members are already undergoing weeks of pre-membership training, among their duties a series of lectures at the Vancouver General Hospital on child welfare and community planning.

They will also assist in the league's first and only semi-public activity of the early fall. On October 20 and 21, the Junior League will sponsor the Point Grey Amateur Chrysanthemum Association annual show. Proceeds will be devoted to League philanthropies. Mrs. William McLallen and Miss Alice Morrow are co-conveners, and Mrs. Ralph Brown is ticket chairman.

Among the provisionals are Miss Louise Farris, Miss Noreen Macaulay, Miss Catherine McIntosh, Mrs. William Armstrong, Mrs. W. Allen, Mrs. D. R. Blair, Mrs. Elmer Glaspie, Mrs. Burpee Hume, Mrs. Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Dean Mansell, Mrs. Alan Spender, Mrs. J. S. Shakespeare, Miss Margaret Clark, Miss Mary Arkell, Miss Joan Graham, Mrs. J. E. R. Wood, Miss Dorothy McDonald, Mrs. A. G. Osburn, Mrs. Rosalind Cahill, Mrs. Benton Mackid, Mrs. Howard Harmon, Mrs. Jack McLallen, Mrs. Donald Cromie, Mrs. John Creighton.

Over a hundred members of the Junior League of Toronto have enrolled for the courses in First Aid given under the auspices of the St. John Ambulance Association. This year's provisional members will include the courses as part of their training. Provisional members are: Mrs. Powell Bell, Miss Margaret Brownell, Miss A. Denys Cadman, Mrs. John David Eaton, Miss Elizabeth Flavell, Miss Eleanor Henderson, Miss Jean Hiller, Miss Joy Jamieson, Mrs. Robert Gibson, Miss

Patricia Macabe, Miss Marion Marshall, Miss Patricia Maybee, Miss Daphne Mitchell, Mrs. Scott Owens, Miss Esme Patterson, Miss Ann Radcliff, Miss Mary Jean Ross, Miss Mary Rous, Mrs. Ian Waldie and Miss Patricia McPharland.

ACROSS THE POND

How Not to Hide in a Blackout

BY MARY GOLDIE

I HAVE seen some strange things in my life, but nothing quite so weird and strange as London, that city of lights and brilliance, enveloped in a blackness, the depth of which could not be exceeded by the darkest night in the country. The life of London may be said to come to an end at 7.15 each evening, although during the past few days more and more hotels and restaurants are opening for evening entertainment. So deep has been the black-out that I ventured out the other evening for the first time to have a look at this new London but I didn't venture far. I have never seen such blackness. The buses, with their shaded interior lights, looked like great phantom ships gliding through the gloom. I was never sure whether or not I was walking straight into a fellow pedestrian. The mere crossing of a road became a great adventure. I groped my way round two blocks and at last found my own door again, thankful to be there.

There have been amusing, as well as tragic things, in connection with these dark nights. People are requested to wear the strangest costumes with something white on them, to avoid accidents. Many and varied are the inventions of personal safety, but perhaps the easiest and most convenient is to carry a newspaper and wave it about as you walk! It is strange how quickly one becomes accustomed to new things. The motorists seem to have found a new way of piloting their cars along the roads, and the pedestrians are developing cat's eyes plus a sense of humor if they come head-on with others on the pavement. One cannot help comparing the London of the last war with its gaiety, its fun, its lights, its theatres, its entertainment for the soldier home on leave, with this city of comparative darkness which is London now. But, as time goes on, London will become once again a city of gaiety, though perhaps in a

more subdued form. There may be darkness outside, but there will be light within.

A GOOD many Canadian women living in London who have children have taken them into the country. There is very little social life going on at present but I think when we have settled down into war routine, small social gatherings will begin again. The enforced staying at home these nights should develop a new type of entertainment—perhaps it will bring about the return of good conversation, which has been so sadly lacking of late years, and it will surely bring about a renewed love of reading and study. With a few cinemas and theatres, the libraries are doing a great business. Many of the shops are displaying games for use in the evenings or while spending two or three hours in an air raid shelter! There is, in fact, a new way of life opening up for us. It remains to be seen what we make of it.

MRS. DOROTHY FREELAND, who has been living in London for some years, has gone home to Canada for the duration of the war. Miss Margaret Crosby of St. John's, Newfoundland, who came to England early in the summer to visit her sister, has decided to remain here and she has joined up as an Ambulance attendant in the town where she is now living. I know that there are many more Canadians here who are giving their services to the country in many forms. The thing we have all to do now is to work so hard that this war will not last too long!

Mr. Bill Williams of Toronto (who made his 100th crossing of the Atlantic this year) and his wife are now in London waiting for a ship to take them home. Although they have been caught here by the war they do not seem to be at all daunted by the fact and are more than cheerful. They are staying in a Mayfair hotel.



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LONDON PARIS NEW YORK

WORLD of WOMEN

Empire's Northernmost Baby

BY BERNICE COFFEY

HERE is a true story of the Canadian north—a true story with all the elements of romance and courage of an exciting novel.

In 1936 Alan Scott arrived at Arctic Bay, Baffinland, to take up his position as manager of the Hudson Bay Company post there. Mr. Scott was a bachelor. But a year later when the company's short wave radio station CZSH was established one of the first messages transmitted over it was his proposal of marriage to Miss Eileen Wallace at Peterhead, Scotland. Shortly after Miss Wallace left Scotland for Canada, and when the "Nascopie" paid its yearly visit to Arctic Bay Miss Wallace stepped ashore to become the bride of Mr. Scott.

This year when the "Nascopie" again sailed on her annual voyage, she carried a layette and all the other necessities required by a baby. They were for little Evelyn Pace Scott who has the unique distinction of having entered this world at Arctic Bay, Baffinland, the most northerly point in the British Empire where any white baby has been born.

The baby was born on July 6 and news of the birth was received by the Hudson Bay Company in Montreal

Among the gifts bestowed on the baby were those sent by Her Excellency the Lady Tweedsmuir who met the "Nascopie" at Churchill on August 7, and a white shetland shawl from Mrs. Patrick Ashley Cooper, wife of the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, who was present at the sailing of the ship from Montreal. This shawl was used at the baptismal ceremony.

Doesn't this story supply a rather conclusive answer to the Cassandras who claim the race is becoming effete?

Precision

This year visitors at the Motor Show in Toronto will see the Canadian prototype of New York's Rockettes and the precision dancing for which it is famous. The girls forming the troupe called the Marquisettes were hand-picked from points all over Canada, and each of the girls is a specialist in some type of dancing although each of them counts ballet, tap, interpretative, and acrobatic dancing among her accomplishments.

All of them are charming youngsters in their early twenties, and most of their time is spent in rehearsing



FIVE OF THE TEN MARQUISSETTES who will be one of the dancing attractions at the National Motor Show of Canada to be held in the Automotive Building, Exhibition Grounds, Toronto, from October 14-21.

Services, Unlimited

All sorts of little "services" have sprung up in the past few years to relieve the citizenry of various small but important chores. Some of them will take Angus, the family Airedale, for his daily airing. Another will

send one of its employees to bring home the car and its owner when the latter has been looking too long and too well upon the wine when it is red. Others will do the shopping or remind absent-minded spouses of anniversaries and appointments. There is, however, another field of

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usefulness which so far as we know has been overlooked. One of the banes to the executives of most women's clubs and organizations of any size is the necessity of phoning all the members when there arises the need for an emergency meeting. Why does not someone establish a central

agency where this work could be done for a reasonable fee? All the equipment necessary would be the membership lists of the clubs subscribing to the service, a few telephones and some part-time assistants. It's an idea on which some alert person might capitalize.



MR. NORMAN BELL, Miss Nancy Douglas, Mr. John Ore and Miss Ann Troc, form a gay group at the supper hour of the Forest Hill Village Chapter dance. —Photograph by R. P. Wright.

on July 7—just in time for the baby supplies to be placed on the "Nascopie" before she sailed the following day. On the ship's arrival at Arctic Bay, September 4, the baby was baptized by Rev. J. H. Turner, and she was named Evelyn Pace in honor of Miss Evelyn Pace of the Hudson's Bay Company who, a year before, had assisted Mrs. Scott in buying her trousseau and who also supervised the purchase of the layette in Montreal.

Godparents were Miss Nora West, a "Nascopie" passenger en route for the Anglican Mission at Pangnirtung, and District Manager J. W. Anderson of the Hudson's Bay Company who had given the bride away when the Scotts were married the previous year. Present at the ceremony were Captain Smellie of the "Nascopie," Major D. L. McKeand, head of the Government party aboard; Inspector Martin of the Mounted Police; also two passengers, R. Mariott and F. Flood.

and looking after their wardrobes—because fines are imposed for failure to have repairs made promptly, or for undue wear and tear. They travel about in cars with a trailer designed to hold their wardrobe—composed of many changes of costume, rows and rows of shoes, and a rack of very fine fencing foils made by G. Peon of Paris and used in a fencing routine.

Their costumes were designed by Lucette Gerard, now living in Canada and formerly a costume designer for Parisian theatre productions. Designs of the costumes are lacquered on the silk with a paint spray, and a light meter is used to register the amount of light reflected by the colors so that the costumes may have maximum effectiveness under the spotlight.

And—shhh!—those long glamorous eyelashes are made by the dancers themselves from hairs from the tail of the pony belonging to one of the girls of the troupe.



SEPTEMBER SNOW MAN. A member of Saturday Night's staff, taking a belated summer holiday in the Eastern Townships, ran into the record-breaking snowstorm of September 26 in Coaticook, Que., and obtained this photograph of the snow man constructed in their garden by Mr. and Mrs. Leon M. Thomas, amidst a profusion of zinnias and asters in vigorous bloom. The snow man was nearly five feet high and lasted for several days.



FIRST SHOWING OF

The New MERCURY 8 for 1940

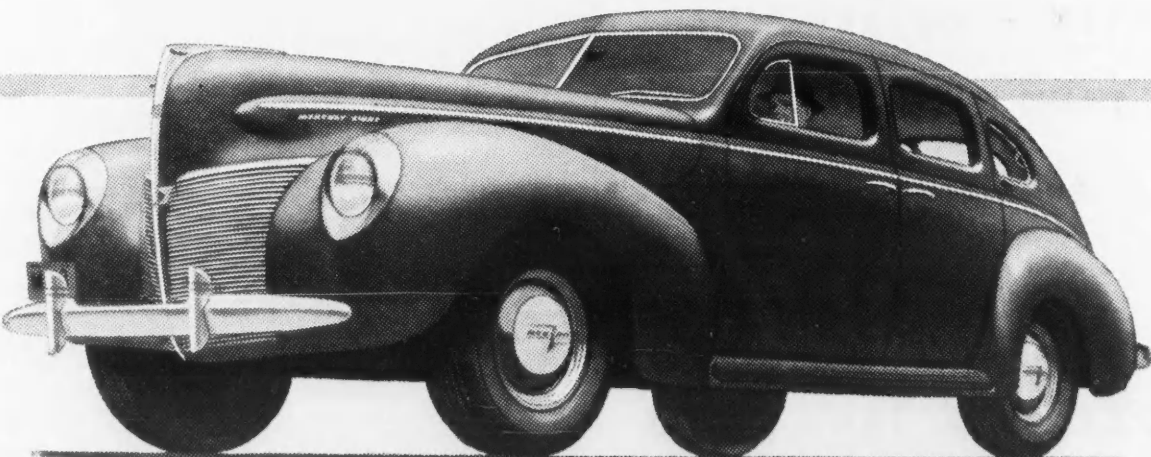
BREAKING every precedent in modern automobile history, the brand-new Mercury 8 in less than three months won itself a position among the established sales leaders!

The 1940 Mercury 8 is a brilliant successor to that record-breaking car. It offers many refinements that make it an even greater value. With every advantage that you'll find in any car of this big-car class—it has something more: **ECONOMY** that would be surprising in any class!

Distinctive new streamlines should again earn the Mercury the title of "Style Leader" in its class. Attractive new interiors enhance the

pleasure of riding or driving. New Finger-Tip Gearshift is mounted on the steering column. New seat construction and softer front springs add to the unique comfort of the "Mercury Ride." More than twenty other improvements reflect the character of Mercury design—emphasizing the fundamentals of safety, comfort and performance.

We invite you to look at this greater Mercury 8—critically. Feel the way it rides and drives under all conditions. Any Ford dealer will be glad to give you all the time you want with this great new car.



HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW MERCURY 8 FOR 1940

Finger-Tip Gearshift—on steering column.

Controlled Ventilation—all-weather comfort.

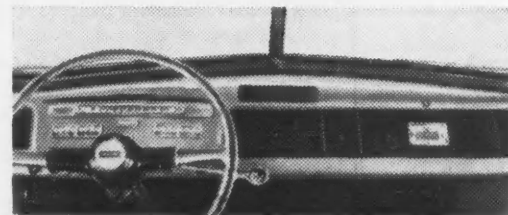
95-hp. V-type, 8-cylinder Engine—smooth, powerful, supremely efficient. (Owners report 20 to 25 miles per gallon of gasoline.)

Wide, Roomy Bodies—seat six in comfort.

Big Hydraulic Brakes—quick, straight stops.

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Write Harvey Clare, M.D.,
Medical Superintendent, Homewood Sanitarium,
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CONCERNING FOOD

St. Martin, I Give You a Toast

BY CYNTHIA BROWN

I CLOSED the red book whose print
had suddenly fogged and there he
stood. "George," I muttered, "I
do remember you..."

Who could have anticipated run-
ning smack into George in a smug
and arty volume on Feast Days and
their Foods? Really there is no emo-
tional safety zone left. There he was,
six feet three and a half inches of
him, the sunburn, crinkles round the
eyes, soft voice and ruinously broken
English, my Czech airman fellow
traveller re-assembled by a phrase.
Oh George!

"Czechoslovakia celebrates Thanks-
giving on St. Martin's Day, Novem-
ber the 11th," said the red book
blandly.

Have you anything left to give
thanks for on St. Martin's Day this
November, George? Is there more
than the ghost of a fat goose to be
eaten with ceremony on Martinmas in
German, ruined Czechoslovakia? Have
you yourself perhaps already mounted
above the clouds for the last time,
as we learned when we were little
that all good soldiers do?

Of course his name wasn't even
George. It was one of those hand-
some Czech names with odd accents—
"Jaroslav" I think it was; but he said
George would do admirably. He had
been out to Australia and across
America selling airplane parts. He
was rejoining his squadron in Prague.

"Why put your head in the noose
just now?" I asked idly—now being
July 1938—"You will almost certainly
be killed if there's a war."

"Madame," said George, reducing
me to pulp without half trying, "We
too love our country."

George was a crack aeronaut with
prizes won at Paris and at Rome as
well as Prague. He made a delight-
ful ship-board companion. I landed
in England knowing a great deal of
the history of the ancient Kingdom
of Bohemia, my dancing was vastly
improved, and my feeling for the
White Lady cocktail deep and last-
ing. All due to one Czech.

"Goodbye Madame, remember me
a little," said George as he bowed
over my hand on the boat train's ar-
rival in London.

I think I am glad that it seems
only George who has forgotten.

St. Martin, patron saint of tavern
keepers and other dispensers of good
eating and drinking would it be out
of order for this person to substitute
a White Lady for a goose in your
honor, remembering George?

Apples Are Here

It was my noble and expressed re-
solve as I ground out the complicated
enough directions for French crois-
sants last week to discuss apple sauce
this week. I mean it. Apples are be-
ginning to flood the market; we
should use them incessantly.

The early "Transparents," those de-
licious pale yellow apples that never
ever blush, are first. They won't
keep. Use them while you may. Their
lovely flavor and very white flesh
makes them a perfect dessert apple to
eat raw. The best way to cook them
is to peel and quarter them and cook
very gently in a light syrup until they
are actually transparent. The quar-
ters keep their shape and the juice
very nearly jells. Even without
cream, when so cooked they are a
sweet fit for a king.

Use them cooked this way to fill
the open centre of a Swedish almond
cake decorated with cream whipped
and piped in squiggles from a con-
fectioner's tube. You will find them
the last word. The almond cake is
made with one cup of fruit sugar,
half a pound of almonds, 4 egg yolks, 4
egg whites, 1 tablespoonful of melted
butter. Mix the sugar and egg yolks
to a smooth cream, add the butter, and
the almonds blanched and put through
a nut mill or rotary grater. Fold in
the egg whites beaten very stiff and
bake in an angel cake tin for about
three quarters of an hour in a mod-
erate oven.

Gravensteins, yellow apples which do
blush probably about their poor keep-
ing qualities, are next to be watched
for. They are like no others for bak-
ing, cored, the centre filled with
sugar, a bit of butter, and a sprink-
ling of cinnamon, and cooked in a
slow oven they "foam" as they bake



AT THE DANCE given by the Forest Hill Village Chapter I.O.D.E., at the
Royal York Hotel, Toronto. From left to right—Mr. Godfrey Ridout, Miss
Barbara Baldwin, Mr. Ian Douglas, Miss Phyllis Millan.

—Photograph by R. P. Wright.

and taste the way I privately con-
ceive ambrosia used to on Mount
Olympus. Use honey instead of sugar
and the Greek suggestion is even more
marked.

Did you ever find the end of yester-
day's deep apple tart in the refrigera-
tor when you were hungry? There's
something! If for reasons best known
to yourself and your dressmaker you
do not eat pastry, believe me that par-
ticular flavor is not prohibited. So
far as I know this is my own inven-
tion, and I recommend it wholeheart-
edly.

Oven Apple Sauce

Peel and slice apples exactly as
you would for apple pie, but in greater
quantity. Pile the pieces in a covered
ovenware dish that has a cover. Do
it in layers, sprinkling sugar, tiny
daubs of butter, and cinnamon on
each layer. Put on the cover and bake
the works. The length of time re-
quired depends on the variety of
apple you use. Transparents or
Gravensteins take about half an hour
and require no water at all. If you
are using a firmer or dryer apple
sprinkle about two tablespoons of
water on the layers before you put the
dish in the oven and bake a bit
longer.

The result is a rosy colored con-
fection quite unlike any apple sauce
of my experience, and delicious when
well chilled. You will never miss the
figure-ruining pastry. Of course you
may use cream.... The tricks to
remember are (1) the cover is act-
ing like the pastry top to keep the
apples moist (2) the apples must not
be cooked to a mush, nor yet too firm.
(3) do not be too generous with the
cinnamon, this is an apple dish, not a
spice bowl.

Greenings, all over green, Wealthys
with red stripes on a yellow ground,
and Wolf Rivers are all apples to
cook, not to eat raw, and all in sea-
son from September to the end of
November. Mackintosh Reds arrive
early in October and are super for
cooking or eating until January.

Restaurants, particularly cafeter-

ias, have accustomed a lot of he-men
to a lot of sieved purée they call
apple sauce, but once men would have
sneered at it as baby food. But here
it is, apparently to stay. It has just
added one more chore to the home
cook's curses. Where once we had
only to compete with what Mother
used to make we now have the whole
amalgamated Restaurant Chefs of
America against us, dears. Watch
us take it in our stride.

Use Mackintosh Reds, Snows or the
Snow hybrid apple called Fameuse
for making this apple sauce purée as
long as you can get them. You will
then have a clear deep rosy sauce
as decorative as it's delicious. Beat
the boys at their own game, that's the
trick.

Rose Apple Sauce

Chop Mackintosh Red, Snow, or
Fameuse apples without peeling and
cover scantily with water. Boil it
gently until all the pulp is soft. Use
a big wire sieve and smooth the
whole works through. To the result-
ing purée add white sugar to suit
your own taste. Boil it again for
about three minutes, drop in a wal-
nut of butter and beat it in. Serve it
in a deep transparent bowl.

The butter gives it that smooth
slips-down-while-you-converse quality
so much admired in the lovely quiet
of the cafeteria where John lunches.
I think myself it's the bunk. But
don't say I didn't tell you how it is
done. Applesauce, I salute you!

TRAVELERS

The Hon. Michael Strutt, brother of
the Duchess of Norfolk, a reserve
officer in the British Army, whose
marriage to Miss Aerielle Fraser took
place in Newport, Rhode Island, in
July, has sailed from New York for
England for service. The Hon. Mrs.
Strutt will remain in the United
States.

Mrs. L. A. Sewell has returned to
Montreal from St. Patrick where she
spent the summer.

"I am a Business Girl!"

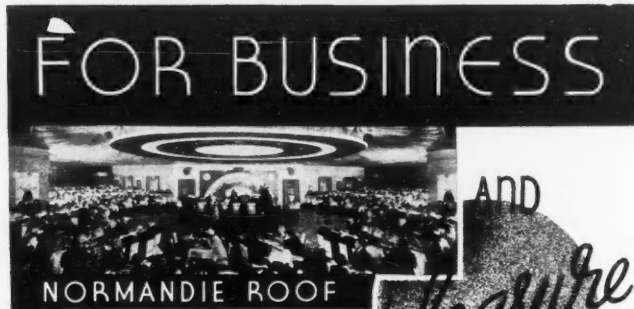
"I AM twenty-two years old
and have been in business
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account for two reasons—its con-
venience; and the incentive it
gives me to save regularly.

"I am paid twice a month and on pay day I calculate the
amount of cash I am going to need the next two weeks for
board, carfare, church collections, the hairdresser, amusements,
etc. The balance I put to my savings account, with certain pro-
portions designated for holidays, insurance premiums and per-
manent savings.

"And here is an interesting thing—perhaps the greatest inducement
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Book that will be of use in helping other
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AND HERE'S THE RECIPE

Creamed Fish in Hot Biscuits

Combine 1 1/4 cupfuls flaked, cooked or canned fish and 2
tablespoons of chopped pimento with 1 cupful of medium
white sauce. Season with salt, pepper and a dash of cayenne.
Bake rich baking powder biscuits, split and butter while hot
and serve with the creamed fish between the layers and over
the top. Hot buttered spinach and slices of hard cooked eggs
are a good accompaniment.

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any day a Fish day

THE BACK PAGE

Approach to Romance

BY ALICE CAMERON BROWN

LEONA sat on the bench at the fifth tee and lit a cigarette. From this eminence she could see a man approaching the sixth green. Now, that was the way a man should look, slimly built and wearing grey flannels like she had urged Ralph to get for himself whenever he could afford the additional outlay. Absorbed in the game, too. Though she could not see his face she imagined his smile of satisfaction when the ball lit on the green and rolled over near the cup. She wished he would look up and see her there. She felt very nice in her new red suit. She'd been lucky to get her color when she'd landed in at the tail-end of the sale. Red appealed to most males, too, some primal instinct in them. Yes, she hoped he would look up. In spite of her old shoes unearthed from the basement she felt almost perfect for a little adventure.

As if this wasn't enough adventure. With a little crime thrown in! She'd certainly been desperate when she'd gone so far as to run off with the money Ralph had given her to pay the maid, dashed off before her conscience started in.

But there are times when a minor crime prevents a major one, she reflected. It had to be something to break the grind. Even passing over the daily round she recalled the equally vapid social one. The Hoars coming in for bridge. How she hated Tom Hoar's line, "What'd you've done, Leona," when her mind was one third on the tossings above in the children's room, one third reproaching herself with the kind of lunch she was going to have, and the other third on the game. "That time you had spades. Say, if you'd bid your ace on the third round, remember!... It'd been a walkaway."

She loathed the yawning insipidity that followed upon their hesitating retreat, the table covered with the eternal cups and ashtrays. Tom always put the ashes in his saucer.

But still, the Hoars would always come. And you didn't have to have anything extra. Old cake, the kind that keeps, she reflected shudderingly, and the silver didn't have to be just immaculate.

That man down there now, he looked interesting. Leona felt like a girl again when every person-

able man was a prospective lover. She hadn't known marriage could get like this, tasteless. Not that Ralph didn't love her. He was just tired, always tired. She'd given up suggesting dances. It was a long ride downtown to a show. There was nothing good enough to eat to ask the Eltons. And as a final resort, after she'd plagued Ralph to take her some place he would say, "Of course, it's fine for me right here, Leona, but if you want to do something, why not call up the Hoars?"

The man was on the green now. A single putt. Now, perhaps he would look up and see her. After all, it was a day of days, a miracle such as only happens in Indian summer, all blue and sparkling.

A little encounter with an attractive male would restore her faith in herself. She got up, glad that her figure could stand a knitted suit, threw down her cigarette butt and ground it under the heel of her pre-marriage shoe.

She realized that the sun was bringing out all the glint in her vanishing permanent as even the best rinse failed to do. It was a pleasant sensation, this self-love, this pondering on her allure. It brought a glow to her face so that she felt beautiful again. Not as when she had been a girl, but as the *femme fatale* of thirty.

HE WAS looking around now, large colored glasses flashing in the sun. Looking for Number Seven, of course. Leona knew where it was. Right up here beside her on this knoll. She could see the 7 on the box through a clump of leafless trees. But she knew, too, that there were no directions on the course. One just managed the first round as best he could. The fact that they were both strangers on the course almost threw them at one another. She smiled at his indecision. Men were so pathetic. And before she knew it she had waved her new red handkerchief at him.

Immediately she regretted her hastiness. It was a bold thing to do, waving at a strange man on a strange golf course. Her heart beat fast and her cheeks burned with shame. After all, she was not that kind of woman, she was a very tame variety of housewife.

He started towards her, stopped as if uncertain of something, and then he was coming towards her swiftly, his nice blond head bent over as he climbed.

Leona scrambled in her mind for an excuse. Then suddenly she remembered that this was her adventure. She must face it. This was the adventure that was to hearten her through long days of managing, ordering, saving, settling children's disputes, long evenings of Hoars.

Whatever was in his glance as he looked at her would tell the tale, whether or not she was still attractive, whether or not she was still a woman.

She turned aside to let him get the effect of the pensive, waiting profile

AUTUMN IS UNFAIR

AUTUMN is unfair
To stir again, in lash of wood smoke

Scent of bitter berries
The ashes of desire.
To stir and prod with gnarled unfriendly fingers

The leaves piled high about the tender roots
Disturbing the sleeping blossoms.

TO be free of this damaging enchantment
Of russet leaves and scarlet thorny hedges!

Even to walk quite swiftly in the evenings
Down fog-filled streets
Pressing the cool to your lips
Is not enough!

O anodyne of snow,
Swift-falling white delivering angel,
Or rain . . . or wind . . . or any single thing

To break this tenuous leash.
To let the heart sleep
Lightly, as the brown tulip bulbs. . .
To let the heart sleep!

MONA GOULD.

she had put on for the occasion, a wistful glance that looked down over the seventh fairway. A photographer had once told her by all means to have profiles taken. She stood poised, ready for romance, a flame sprung from the fallen leaves.

"Thank you," a voice came to her unbelieving ears. "Thank you for waving to me. I could hardly get here fast enough when I saw it was you. Just as glad I didn't see that red outfit before I made that putt, though. Might have put me off. See me sink that one? Haven't played for years either. . ."

Tom Hoar was rambling on.

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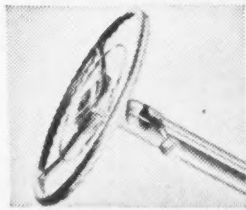
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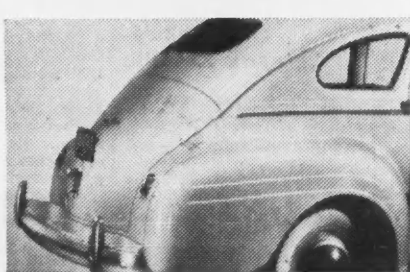
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